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REVIEWS.

THE HOUSE OF BLACKWOOD.

Annals of a Publishing House: William Blackwood and his Sons. By Mrs. Oliphant. In 2 vols. (Blackwood.)

THE house of Blackwood have had from the first the peculiarity of contracting intimate personal relations with many of the authors who worked with or for them; and the numerous and durable friendships which resulted are a singular testimony to the merit of these publishers as men. Most people dislike to have money dealings, except of the most definite and formal nature, with their friends; and not many important contributors can put up with editorial rebuffs. Yet there never was a contributor to *Maga*, except Wilson, the tutelary genius—and not even Wilson in the days of the first Blackwood—who could count with certainty on acceptance, and all were subject to editorial retrenchments. But although the publishers insisted courteously but firmly upon the right to reject and the right to excise, they never imitated the evil fashion of the *Quarterlies* in inserting paragraphs and altering the author's meaning; and in their money dealings they adhered resolutely to the view of their founder, who treated payment as an accident of the transaction:

"The sentiments which he held on this subject, written I do not remember to what correspondent," says Mrs. Oliphant, "are very strongly expressed: 'I never did, and never will, hold out money in itself as the inducement for men of talents to write for *Maga*. What I have always been anxious for is that able men should write on such subjects as they themselves felt an interest in, and, we must allow he adds at once, 'never to print any article without paying liberally for it.'"

In short, the Blackwoods spared neither trouble nor money to make their magazine so good that the best men would account it an honour to appear in it. They endeavoured to inspire their contributors with

their own zeal for *Maga*, and this constituted a real bond of union—a sort of comradeship, very pleasant to read of.

These two volumes do not carry the history beyond 1861, when John Blackwood was left in sole charge, three other brothers having died in harness. The first volume relates how William Blackwood was apprenticed to a bookseller, set up a bookshop himself in Edinburgh, became Murray's Scotch agent, issued some few books, and was for a brief, bright moment partner with Murray in publishing *The Tales of My Landlord*; how in 1817 he attempted a magazine, the *Edinburgh Monthly*, under the editorship of Pringle and Cleghorn; how it failed, the editors departed; how *Maga* rose from its ashes, and burst upon the world with the *Chaldean Manuscript*. This makes up about a fifth of the book. The rest tells of *Maga's* turbulent youth, explains the genesis of the famous *Noctes*—an idea of Blackwood's own—and sketches the main contributors. It is an extraordinary record. Scott's success had turned the head of every publisher, the bacillus of authorship had not yet widely extended its ravages, authors were scarce, and publishers—more especially Blackwood—had the wildest expectations of every new aspirant. He sent out into the highways and the hedges to compel men to write for him; but with a shrewdness strangely allied to this rashness, very soon took their measure. If they would not do, good-bye to them. If they did do, he harnessed them to the most wildly jibbing team that ever man held together. Of his chief helpers, there was not one but recommended himself by letting the publisher in for a libel action in his first or second contribution, yet reproaches never seem to have followed; and one and all considered it a mark of genius to be late with their "copy." The magazine used to come out when it pleased Heaven and Professor Wilson; it often came in a double number: it had no really responsible editor, except in so far as Mr. Blackwood had to stand the racket for whatever might appear; in short, it had the disorder of all vigorous growths. Gradually control became centralised and method asserted itself; but the period of which this first volume treats is the period of the veiled council, the symbol of which is the *Noctes*, written first by a single hand, then sent round to the others for correction and interpolations. It is odd to learn how many of the boisterous convivialities originated in Lockhart's sober seclusion. But the suppers at Ambrose's were a jovial reality for all that.

Of the four chief figures of this group—those who receive a whole chapter apiece—Lockhart was already sufficiently familiar to us, but loses nothing by this new presentment. He was the brain of the party. Hogg also is scarce a novelty, and merits no mercy, the man who calumniated his benefactor, and that benefactor Scott. But even this scarcely deserved a worse punishment than that of vanity mortified to the very quick, and one becomes almost sorry for him. The part which Wilson made him play in the *Noctes* always galled him—for Hogg did not write the sentiments that are put in his mouth—and

it galled him still more when the Ettrick Shepherd remained a figure at Ambrose's board, but had ceased to find acceptance for his work in *Maga*. Here is a letter from him to Blackwood:

March 28, 1828.

"At your d-sire I send you an article for the *Agricultural Journal*, and a poetical epistle for the magazine, though I know as usual it will only be giving the carrier the trouble of bringing them out again; and as you are the only man whoever does me this honour (i.e., of rejecting contributions) the oftener you do it the better; but I want to establish this fact to your own conviction—that our friendship shall not fail on my part.

"I am exceedingly disgusted with the last beastly 'Noctes,' and, as it is manifest that the old business of mocking and ridicule is again beginning, I have been earnestly advised by several of my best and dearest friends to let you hear from me in a way to which I have a great aversion; but, if I do, believe me it shall be free of all malice, and merely to clear my character of sentiments and actions which I detest, and which have proved highly detrimental to me."

Wilson and Maginn alike are revelations to us. Mrs. Oliphant with the utmost justice sets down an admirable portrait of each, but she does not conceal her dislike of Maginn, and she shares that loving tolerance for the Professor which was hereditary in the house. The Blackwoods had good reason to be grateful, for when the founder died scarcely past his prime, and the two sons Alexander and Robert were left in charge, it was Wilson who saw them through. Lockhart had gone to London and the *Quarterly*, Maginn also was absent and no longer loyal; but Wilson responded to Mrs. Blackwood's unusual appeal—"Oh, Professor, you'll stand by the boys!" But *Maga* had stood well by the Professor, who owed it to this connexion that he occupied a chair which gave him a handsome stipend and a six months' summer holiday per annum; and it had shielded him from the consequences not merely of his ordinary rash speeches, but of one downright disgraceful act. In August, 1825, he and Lockwood had been staying with Scott at Wordsworth's house on terms of the closest friendship. In the next number of *Maga*, Wilson, contrary as it would seem to his very convictions, and in sheer wantonness, attacked both Scott's poetry and Wordsworth's. In the same article he described an Irish Member of Parliament, Mr. Martin, as a jackass, and Mr. Martin threatened an action demanding the writer's name. Wilson, who with all his big frame had no vigour and was continually imagining himself ill and complaining of nerves, broke down utterly:

"To-day only I got your packet, it having lain at a farmhouse at some distance for at least two days. On reading your enclosures I was seized with a trembling and shivering fit, and was deadly sick for some hours. I am somewhat better, but in my bed, whence I now write. All this may be needless, but it is the case; and I am absolutely an object of any true friend's commiseration. To own that article is for a thousand reasons impossible. It would involve me in lies abhorrent to my nature. I would rather die this evening. Remember how, with Hunt, I was most willing to come forward [this was another libel action

brought on by his intemperance in the same year; here it is death to do so. I am absolutely not in my right mind to-night. I wish well to all mankind, and am incapable of dishonour. This avowal would be fatal to my character, my place, to existence. Say nothing to me that could add to my present misery" (p. 282).

"Lying and dishonour are death to me," he writes, and practically begs the publisher to get the lying done by deputy. Maginn, meanwhile in London, was trying to take the blame on himself, and interviewing Martin. He got him to dinner, and—"we Irish know how to talk to each other"—pacified him by promise of an apology in the next number. "He said he understood you were a d—d decent man, but that you ought to take care of what you got your people to write (true enough, *entre nous*). And here is the conclusion to the long letter:

"I think I did a good job for you. As I cannot offer to give people champagne at my own expense, I charge you the bill which, like Falstaff's, is rather heavier in the drinking than in the eating. It amounts in all to £3 7s., with which I debit you."

Poor Captain Shandon. A letter describing Mrs. Maginn's call on young Blackwood is worthy of Thackeray.

That name reminds one to pass to the second volume, annals rather of the publishing house than of *Maga*. Thackeray represented their great mistake: the young Blackwoods refused an early offer from him of what seem to have been "Roundabout Papers." But it was to Thackeray, as a close friend, that John Blackwood wrote later on, anent a new author, "who looks very like a first-class passenger"—the timid person whom Lewes introduced as George Eliot. Interesting as the pages concerning her are, they are not so good as those which show Bulwer Lytton—long a pillar of *Maga*—in a very amiable light; and not a tenth part as amusing as the wonderful epistles and doings of Samuel Warren.

"What say you," writes the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, "to a review by me of Dickens's new book on America—a fair, prudent, and real review—bearing in mind my own position as a sort of honourable yet fearless rival of his? I have just read forty pages. I could make it a first-rate affair. . . . If you can rely on my judgment and tact, I can."

"In the description of the voyage out is to be found, in my opinion, a perfect specimen of Dickens's peculiar excellences and faults. . . . These last I should touch on in a manly and delicate and generous spirit. Rely on Sam Warren. I will do him good, and will make himself acknowledge me a high-minded rival, a real friend. . . .

"Oh, what a book I could have written!!! I mean, I who have not only observed, but reflected so much on the characters of the people of England and America."

Coleridge, De Quincey, and Galt all figure characteristically; so does Landor, naturally furious because in an article of his after the names Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, the editor had inserted "and Wilson." Poor Christopher! But the pathos of oblivion touches many of these pages,

which record not failures, but forgotten successes. Not less interesting, however, than the authors are the publishers themselves; Alexander and Robert, who succeeded their father; John the younger brother, ablest of the sons, who established the branch in Pall Mall, for a while an active centre of literature; and Major Blackwood, father of the present Mr. William Blackwood, who after twenty years' service in the Indian Army came home to take his share in the firm's counsels. All of them show the same courtesy and kindness; all criticise, not as literary men, but as lovers of books who well know what a book should be. Not a single note is signed by any Blackwood that has not a curiously familiar tone to those many who have received letters from the headquarters of *Maga*.

These somewhat random notes and extracts may give, perhaps, a general idea of the masses of information contained in these two bulky volumes. They can, however, give no idea of the skill with which Mrs. Oliphant has grouped and selected the immense correspondence. Her final revision would doubtless have removed a few needless repetitions, but these do not affect the readableness of the whole. The great length—1,000 large pages—has not seemed long, and it is surprising how the heterogeneous elements have been wrought into a really continuous narrative. Two things have made this possible: the central interest afforded by *Maga*, and the extraordinary persistence of character in the firm. The book is a history of *Maga* and a history of the Blackwoods—if it is possible to separate the publishers who made the magazine and the magazine which made the publishers. *Maga* no longer holds the field triumphant and unassailable; but she is in no way superannuated or superseded, as has become more or less the fate of her rivals, the Buff and Blue and Yellow. How potent was the energy of her youth will be felt by everyone who reads this history of her. The impression is easily verified by turning to one of the old numbers, perhaps the only productions of a distinctively party and political organ which after three generations remain fresh and readable.

It is a history which must have been pleasant to write, for it is a history of few defections and many loyalties. The errors of *Maga*, which were flagrant and many, are neither concealed nor condoned, but they are related along with her triumphs and her virtues by one who gave her the love and service of a lifetime, and whose fortunes—as more than one pathetic passage relates—were connected at the happiest and saddest moments with those of the magazine. Mrs. Oliphant received her first proofs from *Maga* on her wedding morning. She surmounted the struggle of her early widowhood by an unlooked-for success in its columns; and the last book of so many that she wrote was this narrative—a most fitting conclusion to her varied career.

"SCHOLARLY, BUT COLOURLESS."

A History of French Literature. By Edward Dowden. (W. Heinemann.)

As a painstaking, well-written volume Prof. Dowden's *History of French Literature* may freely be commended. Honest industry is always admirable, and is a worthy object in itself. But the book cannot be described as an artistic achievement, nor does it at any time rise above the level of sober, mediocre, and readable matter. This is partly due to the stupendous effort to comprise so vast and varied a subject into a single volume, but still more to the fact that Prof. Dowden as a critic is not equal to the task he has undertaken. Taine has spoiled us for commonplace treatment of such a subject. We want a temperament, an imagination, a quality of interpretation as sweeping, as penetrative, a mind as robust and original, as that of the unique historian of English literature. There is nothing but genius lacking to prevent even a single volume from being a masterpiece, but for that the writer must have an individuality, a judgment not to be confounded with that of the man over the way, a commanding distinction of style.

Now, Mr. Dowden writes well, but his style is that of the lettered crowd. Given a capacity for reading and writing, a hundred writers of the same scope and learning might sign their names to his work without mortal reader feeling bound to interpose in his behalf. And when you have lamented the undistinguished monotony of these 428 pages, without a single flash of inspiration, without a lively touch of temper or caprice, without a smile or frown, without a ray of light or charm, without a trace of originality, there remains the critic for consideration. As a historian of French literature, Mr. Dowden shows himself accurate, fair, and conscientious. He has condensed as far as possible, and crammed as much as he could of the big and little into such space as naturally forbids free breathing and the necessary expansion of individual genius. This makes his history an excellent guide-book for beginners, or for those who have no fancy for closer acquaintance with the subject, who are content to distinguish roughly between the work of Froissart and Villon without any ardent desire to explore either. This is always laudable industry, and for such reason Mr. Dowden's work has its just measure of utility.

Criticism takes us into depths beyond the writer's capacity. True, the quality of our British critical work has rarely been commanding. An eminent French writer has said that there is no such thing as criticism understood in England, and certain it is that so far as literature is concerned we still await our Sainte-Beuve, our Taine; we await even lesser lights, critics of the force and subtlety of Weiss, Jules Lemaitre, and Anatole France. The French critic proves himself more than a worker—a creative artist in his domain. Mr. Dowden, like the average British critic, is content to say what all the world would say, precisely in the way that all the world would say it. He is not subtle, not suggestive—to win pardon for his lack of depth and penetration, and

accumulation of defects; he is contentedly shallow and obvious. This is how he sums up the spirit of courtly literature:

"In general, the poems of the *Epopée courtoise* exhibit much of the brilliant external aspect of the life of chivalry as idealised by the imagination; dramatic situations are ingeniously devised; the emotions of the chief actors are expounded and analysed, sometimes with real delicacy; but in the conception of character in the recurring incidents, in the types of passion, in the creation of marvel and surprise, a large conventional element is present. Love is independent of marriage, or, rather, the relation of wedlock excludes love in the accepted sense of the word: the passion is almost necessarily illegitimate, and it comes as if it were an irresistible fate; the first advance is often made by the woman; but though at war with the duty of wedlock, love is conceived as an ennobling influence prompting the knight to all deeds of courage and self-sacrifice. Through the later translation of the Spanish *Amadis des Gaules* something of the spirit of the mediæval romances was carried into the chivalric and pastoral romances of the seventeenth century."

It is only when we come to surprising personalities and eccentric genius that we realise the amiable banality of Mr. Dowden's work. That he should be content to walk us through "les lieux communs" when engaged upon the mere documentary portions of his great task, well and good. Genius itself might be pardoned for nodding over Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meung; but Froissart, but Villon! here, surely, are individualities to arrest the readers! Here are delightful occasions to dive underneath the historic wave and bring up pearls of observation and characterisation. Work here may be brilliantly explained by character, moment, race, and environment. Yet neither the quaint and garrulous Froissart nor the double soul of Villon—tender, mournful, pious, and resigned; immoral, ruffianly, and lying—reach us with any vividness of conception. Mr. Dowden makes mention of Villon's "intensity of personal quality," but his business is to make it more evident to us. He laments the tendency to create a Villon legend, but neglects to point out that nothing in all French poetry, before or since this classical vagabond's time, has reached the full and perfect beauty of much of his verse. Many details should have been sacrificed, that the general reader, to whom the book is addressed, might spend another page on this mysterious and unique image of viciousness and innocence, of depravity and engaging childishness, drunken reprobate, repentant soul, and at bottom sweet-natured and harmless child, all in committing every crime of the calendar.

Mr. Dowden is too preoccupied in chaining the mere sequence of work to note or hint at the thousand and one influences that beget, modify, and limit production. He makes no effort to evoke atmosphere and environment. The history of a literature, to fulfil the entirety of its purpose, should in a measure prove the history of racial evolution. It should not be less than a coloured, suggestive, vital revelation of a nation's inner history and development. So many things conspire for and against the production of books that in themselves seem apart and independent. It is this atmos-

phere, these exterior and seemingly remote influences, that we miss in this colourless, if scholarly, book. Light and air should travel freely about the imagination, and instead we are confronted with the dull list of national bookshelves. We crave some vivid presentment of society, we desire to captivate, on palpitating wings of evocation, the tone of thought, of sentiment, to recall the radiant vitality of a vanished hour, hear some echo of the murmur of the thrilled past, gather from exterior details some notion of the interior man whose intellectual work we are invited to consider.

It seems ungracious to cavil at so much evidence of labour, and one would willingly congratulate the public on its results; but it is disconcerting to find so little in it to praise or quarrel with. The traveller in search of the picturesque or the grotesque is not satisfied to find himself upon an even plain with never a hill or hollow in view; and the true combatant is equally charmed by a windmill to tilt against or an altar to pray before. In this department, as in every other department of letters, it does not suffice to classify with accuracy and express oneself with lucidity; the rarer faculties of seeing, feeling, and thinking are necessary as well. And one wonders in dismay what the precise object of such an undertaking can be when all the best of French literature may be studied piecemeal in excellent monographs both in English and in French. Its utility seems to consist in reference, and in this case the achievement may be described as considerably below the labour, since a slim catechism or dictionary would just as well have served.

Turn to p. 166, and read Prof. Dowden's extremely commonplace analysis of *Polyeucte*, and then open M. Jules Lemaitre's third series of the *Impressions du Théâtre*, and read M. Sarcey's lecture at the Odéon on Corneille's tragedy. We do not suggest that classical tragedy should be treated in a serious book in this flippant and delightful way. But underneath the modern flippancy, the charming lightness of touch and cynical explanatory smile, the mobile arch of brow and bright gesture of the lecturer, which M. Lemaitre makes us feel and see (a tone and attitude more seemingly suited to a discussion on the modern plays of Meilhac), what penetration, what originality and surprise of view, what youth and reality infused into an old subject! Why has Prof. Dowden never for one moment deviated from the dull academical manner, shut his eyes upon the mechanical superficialities of training, and struck a personal note to help us to a little good-humour at least? His Corneille is the sort of thing most of us left behind us with our schooldays. That he might have succeeded had he lent himself to the newer method may be gathered by his concise description of La Rochefoucauld's maxims as "a collection of medals struck in honour of the conquests of cynicism." But happy sentences like this do not abound. On the next page he returns to the hackneyed definition of La Rochefoucauld's work and character.

Mr. Dowden's summing up of Racine's characteristics is more telling than any of

his former judgments. True, Racine is an easier, because a more sympathetic, subject than Corneille. He is the dramatist of profound and complex love, and his more modern genius offers an occasion to be interesting. Prof. Dowden points out the audacity that underlies the exquisite suavity of his style, the rare effects of his simple vocabulary, the delicacy and music of his verse, and the dignity of his treatment. But why not support his criticism by the analysis of some illuminating quotations? As a fact, the entire book rolls to its unexciting end unaided by quotation, and the analyses are so cursory and slight as to afford us no pleasure whatever. Even in the pages referred to about Racine, "sensible" is the most enthusiastic adjective at our disposal. And in a mere synopsis, such figures as Montaigne and Bossuet should stand out in finer relief, demand a profounder insight and a more brilliant handling, if even dismissed in a couple of pages, than here bestowed upon them. Indeed, the entire seventeenth century could not well be more inadequately represented than in the hundred and few pages here given to it.

As a compiler of mere facts and the placid announcer in the long defile of historic names the writer is at his ease. No undue demand is made upon his imagination, and we cannot cry out at his lack of freshness, hence our ability to plod our way through well-written pages that simply remind us of half-forgotten names. It is only when vividly remembered figures start into view and familiar landmarks revive old reveries and delights that our patience is tried. We would have the author of *Vert-Vert* more deferentially treated, and something more is due to Marivaux and the Abbé Prévost than Prof. Dowden appears to believe. Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot have been so well done elsewhere that there is little left to be said about them. It is hardly necessary to tell a schoolboy that "Rousseau was essentially an idealist, but an idealist whose dreams and visions were inspired by the play of his sensibility upon his intellect and imagination, and therefore he was the least impersonal of writers"; but it is well to weigh upon the fact that Rousseau restored to French prose "colour, warmth, and the large utterance which it had lost."

Prof. Dowden has even found the means of making the amazing and dazzling figure of Beaumarchais a mere lifeless name. Chérubin himself, that prince of impudent and adorable pages, is overlooked. But how many are overlooked in this volume where better men might have been spared? Prof. Dowden canters along the dusty road of acknowledged glory, and has no word or recognition for less obvious celebrity. The ostentatious Chateaubriand figures in all his legendary egotism; Mme. de Staël in the flames of Napoleonic wrath, turbaned and persecuted; but we hear nothing of Laclos, who, as the master of the mundane and psycho-physiological novel of to-day, merits a nod. It is something to be responsible for the fiction of M. Bourget, who traces the particular turn of his talent to the influence of "Linsons Dangereuses."

From Lammenais to Sainte-Beuve nothing luminous or fresh is said.

Still it must be admitted, in the writer's words, "that no one can pretend to know the whole of a vast literature. He may have opened many books and turned many pages; he cannot have penetrated to the soul of all books, from the *Song of Roland* to *Toute la Lyre*."

THE LAFAYETTES.

The Household of the Lafayettees. By Edith Sichel. (Archibald Constable.)

The value of such a history of a great family, in addition to any interest which may arise from the historical portraiture, lies in insisting upon the earlier revolution *within* the noblesse, and the genuine moderation of the earlier republicanists. Lurid and inaccurate sketches of the great event have become so common that its profoundly logical sequence, its inevitableness, are lost sight of. The men whose faces we see through the confusion are, in a way, types of character, and in them virtue and vice work themselves out to a conclusion with a rapidity which seems almost theatrical. Here, for some dozen years, the dramatic held festival, and in reading the tale of it we seem to be looking at the naked bones of human character.

The author is at her best in her rough bird's-eye surveys of the period, especially of that time which immediately preceded the Terror. It was an age of theory run mad, of sensibility and noble emotions, of endless posing as "friends of man" and "children of nature." It was a time full of a sort of spectral life, when men and women sought always some new thing, and coquetted pleasantly with words and feelings which were some day to be their death. But the high spirit, the generosity and the very flightiness had one effect—they produced a society of fascinating women. At no time were the great ladies so powerful. Their follies ruled the world, their airs and graces were embodied in a preposterous system of etiquette, and in their new pose of earnestness they dared to meddle with science, the State and the Church. It is a cruel tale to read, for over these butterflies even then was hanging the shadow of death. They were, many of them, saints in the truest sense, and beneath the folly lay a deep kindness and courage. Mme. de Tessé, the Voltairean, the apostle of sensibility, who, when in England, paid a visit to the grave of Richardson and lay for a long time sobbing, met poverty and exile with a Spartan heroism and a more than Spartan cheerfulness. Still stranger was the Maréchal de Noailles, who, says Miss Sichel,

"had many habits, equally innocent, impious, and inconvenient. She kept up a constant correspondence with the Virgin Mary, posted her letters in a dovecoat, and never suspected that it was her priest who answered them. 'What familiarity,' she once exclaimed: 'this little bourgeoisie of Nazareth addresses me as "Dear Maréchal de la troisième ligne"—but I must remember that she is my Saviour's mother (here she bowed her head), and

after all she does come of the Royal House of David.' Sometimes her whims took a less extravagant form, as when she insisted that all her elderly grand-nephews should be painted as cupids and distinguished from middle-class loves by having the Order of Malta represented on their shoulders. But even while we laugh there rises before our eyes a vision of the same lady, borne in a tumbril, with uncomplaining dignity, to the scaffold."

It was with the young aristocrats of the period that the *theory* of the Revolution arose:

"Excited to liberty by philosophical writings and speeches," wrote the Comte de Ségur, "we wished to enjoy in one breath the favours of the Court, the pleasures of the town, the approval of the clergy, the affection of the people, the applause of the philosophers, the renown of *littérati*, the favour of ladies, the esteem of virtuous men."

It was a large ideal, soon to be pitifully broken, but it gave rise to a certain vague rhetorical type of character. From such a class Lafayette arose, and in a way he is its best example. A highly respectable soldier, he distinguished himself first in the American War and returned to Paris to be admired. In the early days of the Revolution he seemed to be the most prominent figure. He became commander-in-chief of the National Guard, and for a little time directed the affairs of the nation. But life became too complex for him, stronger men arose, and he was driven with all his excellent sentiments into exile. After a weary time in Prussian and Austrian prisons, he returned to Paris to find Napoleon at the head of affairs. The two men did not agree, and Lafayette went into retirement. He played some little part in the expulsion of Charles X. and the establishment of Louis Philippe. But his work was over, and at his country dwelling he ended his days in peace.

An amiable, honourable man, but one very far short of greatness. He was at his best as a soldier; as a statesman he had neither strength nor wisdom. He was all his life dominated by hazy abstract ideas which made him diffident in action. Liberty was his chief fetish, and he wasted his time in that most barren of all strifes, the discussion of the best form of government. He incessantly talks of "the lovely name of liberty," and we are told that "he did not suffer the Red Indians to escape, but addressed them eloquently in their native tongue, and converted a feathered chief to the love of liberty." He had a craving for a certain theatrical effect, and posed incessantly on his curvetting white horse. He overestimated his own importance, till even the friendly John Adams is driven to declare, "Lafayette *will* think himself the one person necessary." On the whole, a kindly, high-spirited, ineffective man, at once too romantic and too stupid. He had the misfortune to be cast among men of far greater power, to whom his *fineness* of nature was repugnant. Talleyrand despised him heartily. Mirabeau, the old "swallow of formulas," found him impossible, and hit off his weakness in a perfect nickname. To the fierce men of the Terror this Cromwell-Grandison was an inconsiderable aristocrat, and to Napoleon he was an obstinate, well-meaning

visionary. Yet one cannot but admire the man, for he believed so heartily in himself and his vague ideals, and he shaped his course so honestly on his beliefs, that at times he rose into the heroic.

Miss Sichel's work is interesting, though not without faults. In a general survey of the period she is excellent, but when she has to trace the career of Lafayette himself her desire for brisk narrative lands her in a jerky, breathless style. She is too fond of a heavy antithesis, and now and again there is a trace of the spread-eagle in her sentiment. This leads her to the fault of over-emphasis. We can welcome an honest enthusiasm, but surely in such sentences as the following there is a lack of good sense: "Lafayette was free by the grace of Napoleon; it was as when Sindbad the Sailor burst the sealed casket and let loose the genius who was destined to defy him"; and "It is said that our greatest deeds are unconscious; Napoleon never knew that he had taught Lafayette experience." Again, were Hyde and Clarendon two different people, as p. 100 declares? But apart from such blemishes the work is vigorous and attractive, and, if for nothing else, we must be grateful for the portrait of Adrienne de Lafayette, surely a heroine even in an age of great-hearted women.

AN OLD DIARY.

The Journal of Countess Françoise Krasinska. Translated from the Polish by Kasimir Dziekonska. (Kegan Paul.)

THIS is a quaint little book, full of a delicate, old-fashioned charm. It is quite in keeping with the portrait of the diarist by Angelica Kauffman, in which she appears as a slim high-waisted creature, with a sidelong glance of the eye, and a dark curl elegantly disposed over a white shoulder. Françoise Krasinska was a daughter of the Korwin Krasinski family, and had the honour to become, through her daughter, Marie Christine, the ancestress of the ducal House of Savoy, and so of the present royal House of Italy. The journal begins when the writer was sixteen, with the marriage of her elder sister, and ends with her own clandestine marriage, two years later, to the Duke of Courland, afterwards an unsuccessful candidate for the Polish throne. The young lady is clever with her pen, and describes her home and the curious feudal life she led there in a fresh and entertaining manner. The unconscious picture which she draws of vivacious girlhood, trammelled in the ceremonial of a petty eighteenth century court, is delightful.

"The courtiers often tell me I am the handsomest, but I am sure I do not see it; we all have the bearing becoming young ladies of high station, the daughters of a Staroste; we are straight as poplars, with complexions white as snow, and cheeks pink as roses; our waists, especially when Madame ties us fast in our stays, can be, as they say, 'clasped with one hand.' In the parlour before guests we know how to make our courtesy, low or *déagé*, according to their importance; we have been taught to sit quiet on the very edge of a stool,

with our eyes cast down and our hands folded, so that one might think we were not able to count three or were too prim even to walk out of the room easily. But people would think differently if they saw us on a summer morning, when we are allowed to go to the woods in morning gowns and without stays, puffs, coiffures, or high-heeled shoes: Oh! how we climb the steep hillsides, and run and shout and sing, till our poor Madame is quite out of breath from running and calling after us."

As girls will, Mdle. Franulka gives full details of her sister's wedding, preserving for us many curious customs, like flies in amber, in her artless narrative. The bride is set to wind a skein of tangled silk, in order to prove whether she has sufficient patience for the trials of married life. She performs the task to perfection, and even Matenko, the court fool, can find no room for criticism. In the wedding wreath are fastened a ducat with the date of the bride's birth-year, a bit of bread for good luck, and a lump of sugar to sweeten the future. She is without jewels, for every jewel worn on the wedding-day must be paid for afterwards with a vial of tears. At midnight comes the ceremony of the "Cap." Let Mdle. Franulka describe it:

"A stool was placed in the middle of the room, the bride sat down, and the bridesmaids began to undo her hair, singing in plaintive voices the old song, 'Ah, we are losing you, Basia.' Then my honoured mother removed the rosemary wreath and the Woivodine Malachowska put in its place a big lace cap. It seemed Basia was costumed for fun, and I should have laughed had not her eyes been overflowed with tears. The cap is very becoming to her, which, they say, is a sign that her husband will love her very much. I am sure he will; he could not help it, she is so good."

How full of sensibility it all is.

Mdle. Franulka succeeds to her sister's dignity as "Mdle. Staroste," and to the two pillows and the silk coverlet which are the outward sign of that dignity. Then her own love troubles begin. The first suitor will not do, and he receives the Polish equivalent for the American "mit-ten"; that is to say, a goose with black gravy is served at dinner in token of refusal. But Mdle. Franulka, although she talks much about her "honoured Mother" and her "gracious Parents," has a pretty will of her own. Presently she falls in love with the Duke of Courland, and he, who is much her superior in rank, proposes to marry her secretly, without the knowledge of his father, the King, or of the all-powerful minister, Brühl. The young lady's parents reluctantly consent, and the wedding takes place—shorn of its ceremonies and with many forebodings. One is sorry to learn that the forebodings were justified, and that the marriage entered into with so many tears and heart-beatings was not a very happy one. But it is a vivid, palpitating bit of life that M. Dziekonska has rescued for us from the archives of history.

FOR TEACHERS.

Teaching and Organisation. By P. A. Barnett, and Others. (Longmans.)

THIS book will doubtless attract the wide and careful attention which it deserves. As such a work should be, it is the joint production of various hands; and its different sections in combination cover pretty well the whole field of secondary education, ranging as they do from the claims of Greek verse composition to the merits of the latest hat-peg. For practical value, however, the gem of the collection is the chapter on "Organisation and Curricula," by the Head Master of the City of London School. With much that Mr. Pollard has to say most schoolmasters will be in entire agreement; and even those who are not prepared to accept some of the more drastic changes he recommends, will approach with respect and weigh with deliberation the strongly, but temperately, expressed convictions of one of the most experienced and distinguished schoolmasters of the day. The articles on Ancient and Modern History very properly insist on the concomitant use of maps, models, and illustrations. The last are now, to some extent, procurable in this country, but maps worthy of the name and models cannot be obtained except from abroad. The ideal educational map at present appears to be one in which all the natural features and nearly all the place-names are left out. This economy of information is supposed to render it "clearer and less confusing," and doubtless also popular in the eyes of the schoolboy. The argument would apply with added force to a blank sheet of paper. For our part, we have never been able to realise the value of maps that do not fulfil the purpose for which maps presumably exist. From the Historical Atlases published in England it is impossible to show the learner why a march took this direction instead of that, or how the course of a campaign was regulated by physical obstructions or facilities. Maps should partake much more of the character of pictures than they do; and an inspection of the sensibly conceived and beautifully executed plans in the Companion Atlas to Siborne's *Waterloo Campaign* will show that the prevailing belief that the highest class of cartography can be produced only in France and Germany is erroneous. In Mr. Miall's interesting paper on "The Teaching of Science" we catch the echo, sometimes even light upon the *ipsissima verba*, of his charming little volume, entitled *Thirty Years of Teaching*, which we had the pleasure of noticing recently. Dr. Abbott's chapter on "The Teaching of English Grammar" could only have been written by Dr. Abbott, as Dr. Dukes's chapter on "Health and Physical Culture" could only have been written by Dr. Dukes. To the former we should like to add that W. B. Hodgson's *Errors in the Use of English* (Edinburgh: David Douglas) would be found extremely useful for class-teaching. "Why," asks Mr. Morris, "should the drawing lesson be almost entirely occupied in practising the drawing of forms which have little or no connexion with the other subjects taught in school?" There is no reason why it should. The drawing-

work can easily be dovetailed into the ordinary class-work, and made subservient to the classical, historical, geographical, or science lessons: Greek and Roman antiquities, mediæval arms and armour, battle-plans, fortifications, mapping, botany, and so forth, will furnish abundant material. Mr. Sidgwick on "Form Management" is, as usual, interesting, though here and there we are dead against him; as, for instance, in his condemnation of place-taking, which after a scholastic experience of thirty years as boy and master we still swear by; and we see no force in a single one of the arguments he urges against the system, while some of his advice to the novice-master we consider entirely pernicious and subversive of the tottering ruins of class-room discipline that yet survive. We are relieved to see that later in the book this ill-counsel is somewhat counterbalanced by Mr. Buckle's more judicious attitude. The other chapters, excellent though many of them are, do not call for detailed comment: perhaps the most noteworthy are those on "English Literature," by the editor; on "Classical Teaching and Specialisation," by the Head Masters of Haileybury and Clifton respectively; and on "Furniture, Apparatus, and Appliances," by Mr. W. K. Hill. There is a supplementary paper on "Organisation and Curricula in Girls' Schools," by the Head Mistress of the Queen's School, Chester. All that is needed to round off the book is a full bibliography of works on pedagogics, an addition which the editor may perhaps see his way to making in a subsequent issue.

FROM RELIGION TO IRRELIGION.

The Silence of God. By Robert Anderson, C.B., &c. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A SHORT and concise book by the Assistant Commissioner of Police, written from what may, without offence, be described as the ultra-Protestant standpoint. Dr. Anderson insists much on the dogma of justification by faith and is entirely opposed to sacerdotal pretensions. As for the "silence" of God, or His apparent indifference in the presence of crimes like the Armenian massacres, he accounts for it by supposing that the age of miracles, or of Divine interference with the ordinary course of things, was past when the Jews rejected the Gospel—a period which he apparently makes coincide with the beginning of St. Paul's mission to the Gentiles. Satan, he holds, is not the author of sins of the flesh, but only of spiritual error: "the pursuit of religious systems, which honour man and dishonour Christ."

Dr. Anderson complains with some bitterness, that while books attacking the Christian faith receive ample notice from the secular press, those written in defence of it are passed over with slight comment. But what would he have? Does he not see that a book dealing with such subjects as his own cannot be discussed at length without taking up one or other of the many sides which the questions raised in it present? To do so would be an impertinence in a journal not published in the interest of a particular Church or sect, and would be

resented by all those of its readers who did not happen to be of the same way of thinking as the reviewer.

Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion. By Auguste Sabatier. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In this book the Dean of the Faculty of Protestant Theology at Paris gives a sufficiently exhaustive account of the evolution of religion in general, of Christianity in particular, and of the dogmas of the latter in face of modern philosophy and theories of knowledge. He is, he tells us, religious because he is human, Christian because 'Christianity is the perfect and supreme religion in the world,' and Protestant because in Protestantism alone can he "enjoy the heritage of Christ without placing his conscience under an external yoke." The book is well translated by the Rev. T. A. Seel.

History of Dogma. Vol. III. By Dr. Adolph Harnack. (Williams & Norgate.)

In the present volume of this most valuable and scholarly work, Dr. Harnack treats of a period of great importance to the Church, but one in which her history is, as he confesses, very obscure. With the end of the second century the struggle with the great Gnostic sects of Hadrian's reign was nearly over, and the doctrine that the Second Person of the Trinity is the Logos or Word of God had become, in the author's words, "the central dogma of the Church." Yet the exact state of the Church's faith at the time of her alliance with Constantine is not very apparent, and it is perhaps more for this reason than for any other that Dr. Harnack is compelled to begin the second division of his *History of Dogma* with St. Athanasius, whose influence on the creed of the succeeding centuries he declares to be second only to that of St. Augustine. This may be so, but the space at our disposal prevents our discussing it. An appendix on Manichæism, short but giving full weight to the new material provided by Kessler, will prove interesting to those who know the great part which this heresy secretly played in the evolution of doctrine, especially in post-Reformation times.

Bases of Religious Belief. By Charles Mellen Tyler, D.D., &c. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

WITHIN the space of less than 250 pages, Dr. Tyler here gives a summary sketch of the evolution of religious belief which, according to him, culminates in a faith that can perhaps be best described as Christianity without dogmas. He has evidently read much on the subject—he is, by the way, Professor of the History of Religion at Cornell—and summarises both well and clearly. In fact, with a little alteration, the book might be made into a class-book, giving not only the principal theories of the origin of religion, but also a key to the nomenclature which the youngest of the sciences has adopted. It is a pity that with so many excellent gifts, Dr. Tyler has allowed himself a latitude in the spelling of proper names which we have noticed of late in the books of other American

scholars. Prof. Tiele, of Leyden, is here mentioned as "Thiele," M. Girard de Rialle as "Gerard de Rialhe," and Prof. Maspero as "Count G. Maspero." Carelessness in such matters is apt to make a reader distrust an author's accuracy in others of more importance.

The Non-Religion of the Future. By Marie Jean Guyau. (Heinemann.)

LAST on our list comes M. Guyau's *L'Irreligion de l'Avenir*—a title of which his translator seems to be somewhat afraid. M. Guyau is no mere railer at Christianity. In fact, he says, and shows throughout that he has taken the saying to heart, that there is a fanaticism of irreligion as reprehensible as the fanaticism of religion. But he has brought himself to the conclusion that the old faiths are dead or dying, and that none other are likely to arise in their place. Hence he sets himself to consider what will be the future of the world when religion is withdrawn from it, and he finds the prospect to be one not for ecstasy but for sober hope. Woman, he thinks, will acquiesce in the disappearance of religion, "in proportion as an intellectual and æsthetic education is supplied to her"; voluntary associations for intellectual, moral, and æsthetic purposes will take the place of churches, and the individual may even, through some interfusion of personalities not yet discovered, come to approve of the extinction of his own consciousness. All this is dilated upon with the clearness and point which French writers of a certain class seem to have at their command; but the book is far too long, and covers too wide a field. As to M. Guyau's conclusions, we should like before accepting them to be satisfied as to his premises. Is it so certain that no new form of religion will be invented? And if faith is really moribund, is its state worse than it was immediately before the Christian Era or the Protestant Reformation?

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Waverley. By Sir Walter Scott. "The Temple" Edition. With a Bibliographical Note by Clement K. Shorter. In 2 vols. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

MESSRS. DENT & Co., already renowned for their dainty and delightful publications, have never done anything better than this, the initial work of their Temple edition of the *Waverley* novels. Judging by the two volumes of *Waverley* before us, the forty-eight novels, which will follow at intervals of a month (cost you two shillings apiece), bound in green limp lambakin leather, printed upon a thin but tough opaque paper, of a size that can be slipped into the pocket, no volume more than half-an-inch in thickness, will, indeed, be a possession of delight. Mr. Shorter's bibliographical note is compact with information, Mr. Herbert Railton's drawing of Melrose Abbey is well-designed and reproduced, Mr. McDougall's title-page borders are quite

pleasing, and the photogravure portrait of the Great Unknown excellent. We have but one complaint, and that is the pseudo-book-plate—at once useless and disfiguring. For the rest, a definitive edition, if ever there was one.

* * *

The Spectator. New Edition in Eight Volumes. The Text Edited and Annotated by G. Gregory Smith. With an Introductory Essay by Mr. Austin Dobson. (J. M. Dent & Co.)
Another Edition in Eight Volumes. Edited by George A. Aitken. Vol. I. (John C. Nimmo.)

WE cannot give unqualified praise to Messrs. Dent's new edition of the *Spectator*. It is excellent in intention. The paper could not be improved, nor the type, which is thick, clear, and black. But the effect is one of crowding. There is too much type to the page. The inside margins are so narrow that two pages of type facing each other almost run into one. The theory of margins has, indeed, been set at naught. It is a pity, for in every other respect the volume before us is admirable. Especially do we admire the neat binding in blue art canvas, with a backing of coarser undyed canvas. Mr. Austin Dobson's task was to him an easy one, and in his send-off essay he blends ease and erudition in his accustomed happy vein. The text is that of the revised edition of 1712-15, and the original spelling and lavish use of capitals are retained.

It is not a little odd that, after the *Spectator* has for many years been obtainable only in one-volume editions or in second-hand sets of an earlier day, it should now receive flattering attention from two firms of publishers. Not less elaborate than Messrs. Dent's edition is the one which Mr. Nimmo has begun to issue. This also is in eight volumes. But the two editions offer a complete contrast in their appearance. Messrs. Dent's edition is small and antique; Mr. Nimmo's is large and modern. The old spelling and capitals are here banished, and the book gives few suggestions of the eighteenth century aspects of the *Spectator*. Some will miss these suggestions and a certain snugness which Messrs. Dent generally achieve in their reprints. Others will welcome the clarity, the unaffectedness of Mr. Nimmo's edition, and the matter-of-factness of its brown buckram binding. Mr. George A. Aitken is sponsor to this edition.

* * *

The Secret Cabinet of History. By Doctor Cabanès. Translated by W. C. Costello. (Paris: Carrington.)

THE outward form, no less than the contents, of this book inevitably make us think of Browning's "scrofulous French novel" with its "grey paper and blunt type." Dr. Cabanès' notion of secret history comprises unpleasant medical details concerning Louis Quinze and Louis Seize, Marie-Antoinette, Marat, Talleyrand, and others. There may have been some reason for writing the book; there was none for translating it, for any historian likely to use it to profit would certainly be able to read it in the original.

THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1897.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

ONLY eighteen novels have been published during the past week. Quite enough to pick and choose from, but small in comparison to former weeks of this prolific season. The list includes no work of supreme interest; but *The Two Captains* is a good Clark Russell; and there are at least four new stories by lady novelists of some reputation.

THE TORMENTOR.

BY BENJAMIN SWIFT.

Some interest attaches to this novel, owing to the high praise given to its predecessor, *Nancy Noon*, by Mr. J. M. Barrie during his American tour. Mr. Benjamin Swift, whose baptismal name, we believe, is Paterson, is a Scotsman, and lives in Glasgow. He has another novel (*The Destroyer*) ready. (T. Fisher Unwin. 288 pp. 6s.)

A SPANISH MAID.

BY L. QUILLER-COUCH.

We are favourably inclined to *A Spanish Maid*, for it was accompanied by a cheery little note from the publishers saying that the leaves had been cut for convenience in reviewing. Others, please copy. It opens on the wide plains of Spain (Spain is the fashion now in fiction), and there we meet the distracted Teresa. Her mother is dead, and as for her father: "Go back to that devil and his tribe? Go back and be of his people? Go back to be a tortured slave? I will not go." No, Teresa goes to a much nicer place—the West of England—to the peasants and fishermen who talk in dialect, which is not at all like Teresa's heroics. The book is dedicated "To my Teacher," and Miss Quiller-Couch has certainly caught something of A. T. Q. C.'s clear-cut fly-away style. (Service & Paton. 302 pp. 6s.)

THE TWO CAPTAINS.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

A typical Clark Russell, with a moving plot and plenty of incidents. "Young man," said the old salt to the narrator, "if ever you put my yarns into print, let them take the form and character of Mr. Dana's book, *Two Years Before the Mast*—that incomparable log-book." Hence this full-bodied story. It includes some spirited pictures. (Sampson Low & Co. 423 pp. 6s.)

SUNSET.

BY BEATRICE WHITBY.

Miss Beatrice Whitby has written several novels. Her *Awakening of Mary Fenwick* will be remembered for a certain cleverness, and, indeed, Miss Whitby has the uncommon gift of drawing commonplace people; in this story of domestic life she again displays this gift. The opening chapter, introducing us to a lonesome little girl in her nursery, is true to life, and tempts the discerning reader to continue. (Hurst & Blackett. 351 pp. 6s.)

THE MAKING OF A PRIG.

BY EVELYN SHARP.

A delicate, humorously touched little novel by the author of that book of clever fairy tales called *Wynns*. Miss Sharp contributed stories to the *Yellow Book*, and has a graceful, if not a very profound, talent. (John Lane. 410 pp. 6s.)

THE BUILDERS.

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

By the author of *When Charles the First was King*. It is no part of Mr. Fletcher's intention in *The Builders* to make the world laugh. *The Builders* is serious and solemn, with a deal about the Yorkshire peasants, in which county the scene is laid. Philip met a lady in a railway carriage. She was reading. "He took the book

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REVIEWS.

THE LAST STEVENSON.

St. Ives. By Robert Louis Stevenson.
(William Heinemann.)

There is never another novel, perhaps, of the picaresque order which begins in a manner so taking and so gallant, to decline upon issues so disappointing, as this of *St. Ives*, the last posthumous work of Robert Louis Stevenson. At the outset, we are confronted, it is true, by the staggering supposition that a Frenchman, nurtured in France, who had never set foot in Britain until he was conveyed thither as a prisoner of war, is able, nevertheless—not only to write his memoir in Stevensonian English, a licence which might pass but—to use both the Scotch and English idiom and accent so perfectly that none whom he met in his travels should suspect his nationality, save upon one insignificant occasion; and this, at a time when his life depended upon the preservation of his disguise. But, setting aside this objection as insuperable, the initial adventures of the romantic Mr. St. Ives are brilliantly invented, and are told in vivid or swift narrative. The captivity in Edinburgh Castle—that "mediaeval fortress, high placed and commanding extraordinary prospects, not only over sea, mountain, and champaign, but actually over the thoroughfares of a capital city, which we could see blackened by day with the moving crowd of the inhabitants, and at night shining with lamps"—the business with Miss Flora Gilchrist, the duel in the dark with the *Maréchal des logis*, obscene but staunch, and the night escape—all this is very good. But, from this point onwards the reader grows more and more uneasily conscious of a certain hollowness and a lack of continuity in the narrative, until St. Ives comes to Amersham Place, where his rich uncle lies a-dying, and where a frantic and perfectly egregious cousin makes his highly melodramatic appearance, when the pleasure of credence, of illusion, is possible no longer. By this time, the persons of the history are removed without the confines of the familiar and dear world of romance into a strange and distorted atmosphere; and hence-

forward, until the writer lets fall his pen, the story wavers and wanders like a troubled dream. The suicide buried at the cross-roads, in Chap. xi., might have been earthed at the Antipodes for all he has to do with the plot of *St. Ives*. The business of Mr. Buchhell Fenn, the covered cart, and the death of the Colonel, intrude upon the narrative like a separate story; and had none of it taken place, the fortunes of Mr. St. Ives would be never a penny the worse. The introduction of the unaccountable freethinker in Durham city is merely futile, as it stands, and the adventure of the runaway couple is worse than irrelevant—is thinly wrought of tinsel and fustian. And if we turn to the characterisation, we find the valiant and resourceful prisoner no sooner freeing himself, than he becomes the bewildered prey of circumstance, blown hither and thither by every wind of chance. To compare Mr. St. Ives, even at his best, with such a commanding figure as (let us say) D'Artagnan, is surely to play the wanton with the traditions of literature; but, at his worst, St. Ives is no better than a dancing-master gone astray. And Miss Flora Gilchrist, at first a creature so natural, lively, and charming that she lights up the page as we read, presently comes to behave like the finikin miss of vulgar fiction; while, as to her aunt, what single attribute, save her gold quizzing-glass, has the "terrible British old maid" of the Castle in common with the clever, kindly, shrewd old Scotchwoman of Swanston Cottage?

Now, as it is the critic's ungrateful task to indicate blemish and defect amid shining qualities of merit, so it is but common justice in him towards the memory of an artist who was above all things loyal to his art, to suggest a simple and sufficient explanation of the inequality and apparent declension of Stevenson's posthumous work. Stevenson, the romancer, built himself in his life-time a high place in literature—a place peculiar and apart; a delicate palace of crystal where he sleeps enshrined, careless of the menacing leaguer of Time. That he was able to do so, he owed largely to the fortunate conditions under which he worked, ever following his fancy according to her whim and pleasure. For, since he was never compelled to write directly for money, nor stressed for want of time, he could brood and delay and cast aside, resume and revise and revise again, at his leisure; and so, while the conditions demanded by his particular genius remained he was enabled to attain what measure of perfection was possible to him. Remove these special and fortunate conditions—prevent the evolutionary process—and Stevenson's work becomes, not only unconvincing but impossible. Had the opportunity of perfecting his work not been denied to him, it is not to be supposed for a moment that the irrelevant episodes of the suicide, the covered cart, and the rest, would not have been woven into the design, or bodily omitted. Recalling *Kidnapped* and *The Master of Ballantrae* (to name but these only), we know that by process of time and travail St. Ives would maintain his reputation, Miss Flora her wit and charm; that we should no longer be distressed by the double image of the duenna, and that the monstrous cousin and the unnatural foot-boy would assume the speech and lineaments of humanity.

But in *Weir of Hermiston* and the latter part of *St. Ives*, the brouillon in clay, which should have been laboriously perfected in the privacy of the studio, is dragged into the common sunlight. I think it is a pity; I think it unfair, from an æsthetic point of view, to the dead artist. But there is the work for good or ill; and considering it, we may behold the maker absolved from reproach; and may fall to admiring, if we will, the excellence of the several parts, however superfluous they may prove to the whole. The transfixion of the poor old suicide makes an excellent page of gruesome description; the encounter with Burchill Fenn is a brilliant piece of invention set in a curious, dreamlike, haunting atmosphere. And the meeting with Sir Walter Scott, who rides into the story and out again in the most natural way, is tactfully and very pleasantly done. (One may remark in passing that Sir Walter refers to the "licentiate Lucius" [p. 69]. Who is the licentiate Lucius? Is it possible that Sir Walter meant *el licenciado Pedro Garcías*?) But, above all, let us remark the artist's reward for a life's austere devotion to the form of his art. For, whatever the matter about which Stevenson, the athlete in letters, is pleased to employ himself, the style of his performance never fails to compel admiration. There is always the style; the clean, vigorous, eloquent English, coloured like a picture, stirring like a piece of music; and whatever Stevenson said, or failed to say, literature is enriched in that he said it as he did.

And this reflection leads naturally to the consideration of the six topsy-turvy chapters with which Mr. Quiller-Couch has had the temerity to conclude *St. Ives*. Mr. Quiller-Couch is no beginner; he has written several stories; and by this time he should have recognised his proper limitations. Had he discreetly declined a task for which he is totally unfitted, it would have been better both for Stevenson and the British public, and infinitely better for Mr. Quiller-Couch. Beside the Stevensonian diction, Mr. Quiller-Couch's inept and exclamatory collocation of sentences cuts a deplorable spectacle; and to pass from music equable and gay to discords so dismal as these is to prostrate the intelligence. As for the story, it is merely impossible. Moreover, it is open to the gravest doubt (at least) if such expressions as "up to the knocker" (p. 242) and "guying the whole show" (p. 260) were extant in the year of grace 1814.

Indeed, to conclude *St. Ives* thus formally is wholly unnecessary; the end is foreshadowed from the beginning; and any termination is highly gratuitous. Rather than hearken to another, which of us would not retire into the solitary chamber of his imagination, there to finish the story for himself?

* * * * *

What Maisie Knew. By Henry James.
(Heinemann.)

I have read this book with amazement and delight: with amazement at its supreme delicacy; with delight that its author, in spite of such discouragement as may come from lack of popular acclaim, retains an unswerving allegiance, to a literary conscience that forbids him to leave a slipshod phrase, or a single word out of its appointed place. As admirers of Mr. James foresee—and Mr. James has a devoted band of admirers, who follow every line that he writes—the bare outline of the story is of the simplest. The plot concerns itself with Mr. and Mrs. Beale Farange, who, when the story opens, have just been divorced. Maisie, the small daughter, is to spend six months alternately with either parent, between whom, in point of conduct, there is scarcely a pin to choose. Soon Beale enters into relations with Maisie's governess, and ultimately marries her, while Mrs. Farange unites herself to Sir Claude. The fact of Maisie's existence is the link which connects the quartette, and finally Maisie "brings together"—so, in her simple way, she puts it—her two step-parents, who enter upon an informal connexion. Between the four Maisie is bandied about; her parents use her each to spite the other; her stepmother uses her "to save appearances"; and Sir Claude, in his vacillating way, really loves the child. But to state the plot of one of Mr. James's books is to state next to nothing. He deals not in events, but in events as they mirror themselves in the thoughts, the fleeting impulses, of his characters. By a rare psychological intuition, he lays bare the under side of his story. And in this book the whole sordid drama of petty jealousy, rancour, wantonness, and vacillation plays itself out for the amusement of Maisie. You follow the story through the mind of Maisie; you see and hear only what Maisie saw and heard; and yet, such is the combined humour and pathos of the presentment, you know so much more than Maisie could possibly know, though Maisie had her childish moral arithmetic, whereby she could put two and two together:

"It was in the nature of things to be none of a small child's business, even when a small child had from the first been deluded into a fear that she might be only too much initiated. Things there were in Maisie's experience so true to their nature that questions were almost improper; but she learned, on the other hand, soon to recognise that patient little silences and intelligent little looks could be rewarded from time to time by delightful little glimpses."

And so Maisie knew quite a number of things; she knew what it meant to "bolt," that people must not be "compromised," that affairs are in their nature "involved," and that things should be "regular"; and she had her own theories to account for the facts of her experience. Here is a short scene between Sir Claude and Maisie in a Boulogne *café*, a scene which has all the delicate charm of which Mr. James is master. Sir Claude has asked Maisie if she will throw over Mrs. Wix, her governess, one of the best characters in the book, and stay on with him and the lady who had forfeited her right to be Mrs. Beale. "May I think?" says Maisie.

"There was but one thing Maisie wished to do, and after an instant she expressed it: 'Have we got to go back to the hotel?'"

"Do you want to?"

"Oh, no."

"There's not the least necessity for it." He bent his eyes on his watch; his face was now very grave. "We can do anything else in the world." He looked at her again almost as if he were on the point of saying that they might, for instance, start off for Paris. But even while she wondered if that were not coming he had a sudden drop. "We can take a walk." She was all ready, but he sat there as if he had still something more to say. This, too, however, didn't come; so she herself spoke:

"I think I should like to see Mrs. Wix first."

"Before you decide? All right—all right." He had put on his hat, but he had still to light a cigarette. He smoked a minute with his head thrown back, looking at the ceiling; then he said: "There's one thing to remember—I've a right to impress it on you: we stand absolutely in the place of your parents. It's their defection, their extraordinary baseness, that has made our responsibility. Never was a young person more directly committed and confided." He appeared to say this over at the ceiling, through his smoke, a little for his own illumination. It carried him, after a pause, somewhat further. "Though, I admit, it was to each of us separately."

He gave her so, at that moment and in that attitude, the sense of wanting, as it were, to be on her side—on the side of what would be in every way most right and wise and charming for her—that she felt a sudden desire to show herself as not less delicate and magnanimous, not less solicitous for his own interests. What were these but that of the "regularity" he had just before spoken of? "It was to each of you separately," she accordingly with much earnestness remarked. "But, don't you remember, I brought you together?"

He jumped up with a delighted laugh. "Remember? Rather! You brought us together; you brought us together. Come!"

There are many living writers who can write dialogue that is amusing, convincing, real. But there is none who can reach Mr. James's astonishing skill in tracing dialogue from the first vague impulse in the mind to the definite spoken word. Certainly there is no living writer who has achieved the feat which Mr. James has here achieved, in analysing and purifying the baser passions of our nature by passing them through the pure mind of a little child.

* * * * *

The Twilight Reef. By Herbert C. MacIlwaine.
(T. Fisher Unwin.)

This book consists of three stories of Australian life: "The Twilight Reef," a story of gold hunting, not inappropriate at this time; "The Poet of Dead Horse Flat," a satire on fashions in literature, recalling faintly *The Birthplace of Podgers*; and "The Decivilisation of Mr. Smyth," the spirited and entertaining account of a muscular Christian and his adventures. From a purely literary point of view the first story is, perhaps, the best, but the third is certainly the most interesting and agreeable. Fascination always attaches to the quiet scholarly man who on occasion can thrash a bully, and a good fight is ever to be desired. The fight between the Rev. Cyril Wells-Smyth and Ted Cullen, bullock puncher, is an excellent piece of work. It begins well, proceeds well, and ends well. It begins thus. Mr. Smyth had unconsciously scared and enraged a drove of bullocks with his umbrella. Cullen, after quieting them with blows and threats, turned to the parson:

"What brings the likes of you out here among men, frightenin' cattle with your blasted town glummery—hay?"

The parson was slight and trim. The sickening hollow blows on the bullocks' heads, and the language, had left him boiling. He looked up sternly from under his enormous pith helmet at the bullock puncher. "It was quite unintentional, as you are very well aware; and your language is abominable," he said.

Cullen lowered himself to a level with the parson, and with a hand on each knee minced ferociously "Ow—ow! Look at that now. Quite unintentionable; he grinned and nodded furiously round the gathering audience. "And you'd frighten hell out of a man's bullocks, would you? And you're that gordinously politeful that you're shocked when he rips an' cusses. Fancy that! You're a pretty little parlour tabby cat what's lost its hearthrug, that's what you are—and here's a collar for you."

During the delivery of his peroration Cullen plucked away the offending umbrella, tore out the handle and the frame, and with his last words he drew the burst cover down over the head of the unresisting parson, and replaced the pith helmet at a raking angle."

The fight followed. The rest of the story is well told, though perhaps a little over violent. Mr. MacIlwaine has the true narrative gift.

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Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Office: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THIS book season more than ever are we confronted by the English book printed in America. The cunning way in which the American Copyright Law compasses the destruction of English printers is worth more attention from our own law-makers than it has ever got. To be copyrighted in America a book must be printed there. No plates or sheets sent from England will be protected from the pirate. Such is the rule; and the working out of it is that English publishers, instead of producing an English and an American edition of a book, find it cheaper to print one in America only, and to import it, though they pay the American printer far better than they pay his English brother.

WITH the social results of this alienation of English trade we need not deal; but we may at least protest, in the name of book-lovers, against the very undistinguished appearance of many of the books that come to us from the printing presses of the United States. Take the case of Mr. Aubrey de Vere's *Réminiscences*, for instance, issued this week. The reader does not need to look for the American imprint—it is proclaimed to him by the flat and monotonous appearance of the printed page. And the disadvantage is the author's as well as the reader's; for the book is somehow made to look a dull one, and merely to handle it is to harbour an iniquitous prejudice against what it contains.

TALKING of English and Scottish printers (some of whom, on the contrary, make a dull book look brilliant at first sight by their clear and almost radiant type-work), a word needs to be said as to the increase

of trivial errors in the text. Messrs. Constable, for instance, whose compositors are the glory of their craft, appear to be in need of a strengthening of their readers' department. A few months ago attention was called to the defacement of the *édition de luxe* of a great novelist sent out by their firm with a number of trifling inaccuracies; and now it teases us in Stevenson's *St. Ives* to come on similar imperfections. The mere omission of quotation-marks at the end of a quotation, as at the foot of page 14, is annoying; and there was room, especially in the case of a book deprived of the author's own care of revising, for that friendly mark of interrogation opposite obvious slips of grammar which makes every author, as Browning frequently proclaimed, the debtor of the printer's-reader.

"WHAT a prolific fellow he is!" was an exclamation Tennyson once made on hearing Browning's name. There is in the Tennyson Memoir a note from Tennyson to Browning, showing that this idea was really almost the predominant one in the Laureate's attitude towards his great contemporary. When *Red Cotton Nightcap Country* came to him, he wrote:

"My dear R. B.,—My wife has just cut the leaves. I have yet again to thank you, and feel rather ashamed that I have nothing of my own to send you back, but your muse is prolific as Hecuba, and mine, by the side of her, an old barren cow.—Yours ever,"

"A. T."

Elsewhere the length of a poem of Browning's has a mark of exclamation, and the fear that he cannot be "popular" is uttered as a genuine apprehension by one to whom popularity meant so much.

BROWNING, when he wrote his lines about Fitzgerald, wrote as a husband; but he had a score to settle with Fitz on his own account. Throughout the Tennyson memoir Fitz is seen as a lover of Tennyson's poetry who loathed Browning's. Not all the dashes in the world can obscure the identity, for instance, of the man who is under remark in the following characteristic paragraph of a letter from Fitz to the Laureate: "I see — has another of his uncouth works out. I call him the Great Prophet of the Gargoyle School. In France they have a man equally disagreeable to me, Victor Hugo. I think it partly is because of the beautiful things that have been done from the time of the Greeks to A. T., and so those who can't do them better prove their originality by descanting on the ugly; and they have their day." They have.

CONTROVERSIES about the true inwardness of the "Rubāiyāt" of Omar Khāyām have been as many, and perhaps as futile, as those about the "Canticles" by King Solomon. Behind the praise of women and of wine, in each case, a mystical allegory is supposed to lurk. On that assumption only was the Song of Solomon included—and rather hesitatingly included—within the canonical books of the Bible; and a suspicion has lingered in many minds that the turn given by Fitzgerald, who does not rank

high among Persian scholars, and who took amazing liberties also with the Latin author he translated, is not really that intended by the Persian poet of centuries ago. Now that two new translations are in the press the plain English reader may be put nearer Omar's mind. Mr. Le Gallienne, if we may gather from the specimen verses already published, follows Fitzgerald in both the metre and the rendering. By Mr. Edward Heron-Allen, a Persian and Arabic scholar, we have promise of "a literal translation." Mysticism, however, is not easily caught in the toils of even "literal translations"; and it must be plain that Fitzgerald's noble numbers, far more than the Persian's philosophy of life, made the poem beloved by modern men, and put it into a circulation as popular as the rather high price of its editions permits it to be.

A SMALL snug affair, refreshing rather than refulgent, was the dinner given on Tuesday night by the Vice-Chancellor at Oxford to Dr. Murray, Mr. Henry Bradley, and others who are helping to produce the Historical English Dictionary. Dr. Murray gave a résumé of the undertaking, which dates from 1875. He is now in the middle of it, and hopes that 1910 will see this great work finished; or, with luck, 1908.

WE regret that by pure inadvertence we did not acknowledge the source of the figures we gave last week in our "Book Market" columns, showing the proportion between American and English books now being issued in America. These figures had been carefully and specially compiled for *The Author*, and to this paper our acknowledgments are now given.

AMONG the Clarendon Press books almost ready for publication may be mentioned *Hindu Manners, Customs, and Ceremonies*, by the Abbé Dubois, translated from the author's later French MS. by Mr. H. K. Beauchamp; a new volume of "Sacred Books of the East"; and a critical volume on *The Odes of Keats*, with a Memoir, by Mr. A. C. Downer.

"G. R." writes: "Mr. Edward Maitland, whose death, at the age of seventy-three, has recently been announced, is known to the present generation chiefly as the friend and biographer of Anna Kingsford, M.D.; though half a century ago he was hailed as a writer of great promise, and his fame as the author of *The Pilgrim and the Shrine* was considerable. Born at Ipswich, and brought up in the strictest of evangelical sects (his father and one of his brothers were clergymen), he graduated at Cambridge with the intention of taking orders, but fortunately discovered in time that his theology was too pronounced in the direction of extreme Liberalism. Abandoning the idea, he wrote the autobiographical novel above mentioned, which Tinsley published, and took himself off to California. He became one of the band of 'forty-niners,' and remained abroad in the continents and isles of the Pacific, from America passing to Australia, until the intended year of his absence had grown

into nearly ten years, and he had experienced 'well-nigh every vicissitude and extreme which might serve to heighten the consciousness, toughen the fibre, and try the soul of man.' Returning to England in 1857, he devoted himself to literature, into which, however, nothing of the trade element was permitted to intrude. Everything he wrote must minister to and represent a step in his own 'unfoldment.' Of all his literary contemporaries, perhaps Maitland was most intimate with and best appreciated by Lord Houghton and Sir Francis Hastings Doyle. He reviewed, and very well too, in the *Athenæum* from 1869 to 1873 or thereabouts. His book *By-and-Bye*, an historical romance of the future, issued in 1873, was the means of his meeting Mrs. Kingsford, who found herself so much in sympathy that she wrote proposing an interchange of ideas; and so began an association for the sake of a high and earnest work, an association which lasted, according to Maitland's belief, beyond the span of ordinary existence. . . . Since the death of his colleague in 1888, he lived only to accomplish the work of writing her *Life*, a truly prodigious undertaking. That work finished, he collapsed mentally and physically. His friend, Colonel Currie, then removed him from the studios in Thurloe-square, where he had lived alone (his only child being an army surgeon on foreign service), and for many months nursed him with tenderest care until the end, which came on Saturday, October 2, at Tonbridge, Kent, where his remains have been interred. Possessed of the physique of a giant, of great intellectual powers, of an excellent style and indefatigable industry, it is strange how little he has left of permanent value to English literature. His career may be compared, in many respects, with that of Laurence Oliphant. Immersed in what has been called the spiritual movement, he was eclectic to a fault, and abandoned 'theosophy' while claiming to be a reincarnation of the soul that was in John the Baptist; similarly, he dissociated himself from spiritualism so-called, though it is in evidence that he, by means of private mediums, evoked the shade of Mrs. Kingsford whenever, after her demise, he needed instructions about carrying on the work of social reform and hermetic philosophy to which they had jointly devoted their lives."

LOVERS of Scott and Stevenson—that is to say, a vast number of people—would have been grieved had the "Hawes Inn," at Queensferry, been destroyed in the fire that attacked it on Tuesday night. This fine old inn figures in Scott's *Antiquary* and in Stevenson's *Kidnapped*; in the one case receiving Monkbarns and in the other David Balfour under its roof. The fire broke out in one of the cellars, fortunately beneath a recently added portion of the building. Blue-jackets from *H.M.S. Caledonia* and ready volunteers from the neighbourhood were forthcoming, and the damage, though considerable, was confined to the non-historical portions of the inn.

A WRITER in the *American Bookman* de

scribes an interview he had with Dr. George Macdonald at Bordighera last winter. He found Dr. Macdonald very vigorous. "Most fine days see him on his tricycle on Bordighera roads. He talked of the new Scottish novelists. He considered Mr. Barrie to be the foremost of them all, and had been especially charmed with *The Little Minister* and *Margaret Ogilvy*. He also recognised 'Ian Maclaren's' 'humour and pathos,' and Mr. Crockett's 'verve and vigour.' Of himself Dr. Macdonald said: 'I shall be seventy-two before the year ends, and that's far on; it's about time to be going Home.'"

AN amusing tale comes from Lyons. A group of literary men in that city are about to try to elevate French literature by decidedly novel means. These gentlemen think that the mediocrity of contemporary literature arises from the happy-go-lucky way in which writers go to work, each choosing his own *genre*; the result being an infinite number of petty successes, but no progress. The idea is to offer encouragement to writers to achieve great things in particular directions. Committees will be formed, each committee devoting itself to the task of raising up a brilliant writer of a certain stamp.

For example. These Men of Lyons are of opinion that an Edgar Allan Poe is a "felt want" in French literature of to-day—and yet at this moment an Edgar Allan Poe may be eating his heart out, unrecognised, in the corner of a *brasserie*. Well, he must be found, patted on the back, aided, and published. This will be the task of the "Comité Edgar Allan Poe." The committee is not rich; the Poe discovery fund does but amount to about £12; but the committee is quite hopeful, and promises by the end of next year to bring the Poe of the future into the light of day.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* is proud of forty years' existence, completed this month. The editor recalls the circumstances under which the magazine was started. It was on April 29, 1857, that Longfellow wrote in his journal: "Lowell was here last evening to interest me in a new magazine, to be started in Boston by Phillips and Sampson. I told him I would write for it if I wrote for any magazine." A week later he made the following entry: "Dined in town at Parker's, with Emerson, Lowell, Motley, Holmes, Cabot, Underwood, and the publisher Phillips, to talk about the new magazine the last wishes to establish. It will no doubt be done; though I am not so eager about it as the rest."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was another member of the original staff, and in Pickard's biography of the poet we read: "At a dinner given by Mr. Phillips, the publisher, in the summer of 1857, there were present Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Motley, Edmund Quincy, and other writers of high reputation. The plans of the new magazine were discussed and arranged at this dinner. Mr. Underwood nominated Lowell as editor-in-chief,

and his name was received with enthusiasm. Holmes suggested the name *The Atlantic Monthly*. The success of the enterprise was assured from the start, and a new era in American literature was inaugurated." Of the fourteen writers of articles in the body of the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, only three, the editor tells us, are living.

EXCURSIONS IN CRITICISM.

III.—THE "NIBELUNGEN LIED."

SAVE by a heaven-born poet, who should perform on the Teuton epic the miracle which Edward Fitzgerald performed on Omar Khayyám, the "Nibelungen Lied" could only be represented for Englishmen in prose—such Biblical prose as that into which Mr. Andrew Lang and his coadjutor rendered Homer. The thing has been done for us at last. Mr. Dent is the publisher, and a woman, Miss Margaret Armour, is the translator. The book is admirably got up, with illustrations after the manner of old wood-engraving, by Mr. McDougall. Truth to say, these illustrations are weak as figure-drawing, though charming as decoration. But "the play, the play's the thing;" and I congratulate Miss Armour on her achievement. She has, say *cognoscenti* in German, taken serious and indefensible liberties of omission and commission with the difficult and sometimes diffuse text of the original. Moreover, she is apt to be too stiffly and crowdedly archaic—overdoing her admirable model, Mr. Lang. Yet, get only a little used to this, and her version will grow on you as a thing of spirit and picturesqueness. It is hardly gear for woman to meddle with, this hirsute old German epic; yet this woman has made of it better work than most men could do—an English narrative which holds you and strikes sparks along your blood. I, like thousands more, cannot read the crabbed Mediaeval German; but in this translation I have exulted over genius, authentic genius, brought home to me in my mother tongue.

There is no space here to analyse the tale: an epic Homeric in primitive directness of narrative, but brooded over by the fierce spirit of the murky North. Homeric are the repetitions of set epithet; Homeric the simple pathos; more than Homeric the joy of battle; Homeric the overlaying of an earlier story with the manners of a later budding civilisation. But there is no Homeric imagery; the narrative is utterly direct, and, when the poet strikes an image, he iterates it with *naïf* pride in his discovery. "A fire-red wind blew from the swords"; "They struck hot-flowing streams from the helmets"—this image is made to do duty with child-like perseverance in many forms. With simple delight he dwells on details of attire, rich, yet primitive, costlily barbaric. The men's robes are of silk, gold-inwrought, and lined with—what think you?—fish-skins! Sable and ermine and silk adorn the damsels, bracelets are over their sleeves: but no pale aristocracy this of Burgundy. "Certes, they had been grieved if their red cheeks had not outshone their vesture." Very quiet and plain are

the poet's grieving pictures, a lesson to the modern novelist, with his luxury of woe. They make no figure as elegant extracts; but in its place every simple line tells. Kriemhild is borne from her slaughtered lover's coffin in a swoon, "as her fair body would have perished for sorrow." No more; and one asks no more. But it is in battle that this truly great Unknown finds himself, and sayeth "Ha! ha!" among the trumpets. Unique in all literature is the culmination of this epic of Death. Kriemhild, the loving woman turned to an Erinny by implacable wrong, has invited all her kindred of Burgundy to the court of her second husband, Etzel the Hun. With them comes dark Hagen, the murderer of her first husband, Siegfried the hero unforgotten. On him she has vowed revenge; and her trap draws round the doomed Burgundians. The squire of Gunther, the Burgundian King, she has lodged apart: with them abides Dankwart, the brother of Hagen. In the hall of Etzel's castle Gunther and his nobles sit in armour, feasting with the Hunnish King and Queen: the little son of Etzel and Kriemhild, Ortlieb, is summoned in, and wanders round among the stranger guests. Fatal sits Kriemhild, watching her netted prey, expecting the signal which shall turn the feast to death. It comes; in other manner, and to other issue than she dreams. Arms clang on the stairs: the door flies wide, a mailed and bloody figure clanks in terrible. It is Dankwart. The Huns have set upon King Gunther's squire and slain them to a man; he has fought his way through the hostile bands, alone. At those tidings, grim Hagen springs erect, and mocks with fierce irony:

"I marvel much what the Hunnish knights whisper in each other's ears. I ween they could well spare him that standeth at the door, and hath brought this court-news to the Burgundians. I have long heard Kriemhild say that she could not bear her heart's dole. Now drink we to Love, and taste the King's wine. The young prince of the Huns shall be the first."

To the overture of that dusky mockery the Burgundians rise. "With that, Hagen slew the child Ortlieb, that the blood gushed down on his hand from his sword, and the head flew up into the queen's lap." Up the hall and down the hall pace the terrible strangers, slaying as they go: Etzel and Kriemhild sit motionless, gazing on the horror. At last they fly: the doors are barred, and the Burgundians pass exterminating over all within. It is but the beginning. All the country round flocks to Etzel's summons. Troop after troop of Huns win into the dreadful hall; but from the dreadful hall no Hun comes back. "There was silence. Over all, the blood of the dead men trickled through the crannies into the gutters below." In the midst of a magnificently imagined *crescendo* of horror and heroism, death closes in adamant on the destined Burgundian band. I am almost tempted to say that it is the grandest situation in all epic. And of the dramatic force with which it is related there can be no question.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

II.—A WAITRESS.

SHE had cleared away the lunch, and the rattle of crockery had departed down the long passage of the country inn, and subsided into the kitchen at the end. The day was rainy; I was dull; and strolling out with my pipe into the passage I found her on the seat by the cupboard, where they kept the candles by which we lighted ourselves to bed. She was reading; or rather, she was turning the leaves of a book. I saw at a glance it was *The Spoils of Poynton*, which I had lent her. For she had waited upon me carefully and well, and had remarked that her hobby was reading.

"You don't like it, I'm afraid," I said.

She glanced up, and put the book down on the table by her side, when it rested upon another book which I had lent her—a work by Mrs. L. T. Meade.

"I can't make it out," she said; "it's all about furniture."

"That's true," I said. "But human emotions may have inanimate objects for their centre, mayn't they?"

I don't think she quite understood; for her eyes wandered to the book underneath *The Spoils of Poynton*, and she began fingering it.

"That's a lovely book," she said. "I'd like to read that over again, if you can spare it."

I picked it up—*The Way of a Woman*.

"Oh, yes, I can spare it," I said. "But, tell me, do you read much?"

"Well, there isn't much time in the summer and autumn, but when we're slack in the winter, I read—oh, lots! There's plenty of books in the lib'ry, and I'm over there—well, you might call it every day. They've got *East Lynne*. I've read *East Lynne* three times—no, four times. And there's one part where I always cry. Isn't it silly?"

"And what about Marie Corelli?" I asked. "Have they got her in the library?"

"I don't think I've seen it," she said.

"But *The Sorrows of Satan*?" I began.

"Oh, that's a lovely book," she said. "I've read that. Don't you think it's nice?"

"Yes, awfully nice," I said. "And Edna Lyall?"

She looked doubtful.

"*We Two*, you know?"

"Yes, *We Two*. I love that."

"Well, that's Edna Lyall."

"I thought you said *We Two*," she said.

"But Edna Lyall wrote it."

"Oh," she said, drawing out the latest work of Mrs. L. T. Meade, and opening it tenderly at chapter one.

"Tell me," I said, "what sort of a novel you really like? because that's the sort of novel I want to write."

"Oh, all sorts; I don't know," she replied.

"There must be a heroine?"

She nodded decidedly.

"And a hero?"

She nodded again, and I thought I caught the ghost of a blush.

"And they must be parted, and then meet again, and marry; or perhaps one of

them should die, and the other never marry anyone else for ever?"

"That would be a nice story," she said.

"Well, but *The Spoils of Poynton*?" I began.

"Oh, that's all about a silly old house, and furniture," she said.

"But don't you like sketches like—well, *Tales of Mean Streets*—those realistic stories of low life in the East-end of London?"

"Oh, I don't care to read about low people."

"You like tales about people in your own rank of life, or even higher?"

She thought a moment, and, with her hand upon Mrs. Meade's work,

"Yes, I think that's it," she said.

She looks upon a story, I suppose, not from the outside, as a work of art, a presentment of another life than her own, but rather as a suggestion of what her own life might be with a little more money and the requisite hero. I did not put it to her in this way, for fear she should not understand me. But I think that is what it comes to.

THE BOOK MARKET.

A MILLION COPIES A MONTH.

A PARAGRAPH or two went round the Press some months ago drawing attention to the large circulations enjoyed by certain unheard of magazines in America. The capital instance was a magazine called *Comfort*. In giving a list of these successful periodicals the *Chap-Book* said: "We have never seen a copy of *Comfort*, nor heard its name upon the lips of any human being." Since then a representative of the *Chap-Book* has interviewed the editor of *Comfort*. This gentleman admits that the success of the magazine is due to the fact that it appeals to the half-educated. *Comfort* was founded, and is still owned, by Mr. W. H. Gannett, who started without experience and with very small capital. In nine years he has raised the circulation to more than a million copies a month.

This achievement must excite the curiosity of editors the world over; and we quote the following particulars. Said Mr. Gannett to his interviewer:

"I saw that there were plenty of publications for thoroughly educated people. The *Atlantic Monthly*, *Century*, *Harper's*, and *Scribner's*, to say nothing of dozens of less pretentious ones, were filling this field well. But there was not one made for and adapted to the tastes and requirements of the 'mighty middle classes.' My aim was, and has always been, to make a publication for this immense constituency. I thought that my constituency would compare with that of the *Atlantic Monthly* about as the number of university graduates compares to the great mass of American readers, and the circulation of such a periodical as I had in mind ought to be correspondingly great."

The report continues:

"From the first number to the present time he has worked on these lines, and soon the paper, never seen in a great city, became a household word in the country home, the factory, the village store, and the mining camps of the West.

Circulation was pushed in every conceivable way except the ways that other publishers were following. Never having been a publisher, he did not know how to get into the beaten tracks if he had wanted to do so. When the circulation had reached a hundred thousand, it was so scattering that almost every county in the United States was represented. The genius of the business man rather than the experience of the publisher kept the circulation on the increase.

"One new scheme followed another, always with the idea of pleasing the new subscriber, and thereby making him a medium of getting another. All the time the paper was made to suit the people who lived outside of the great cities. Their tastes were studied and their wants gratified in the contents as far as possible.

As to the contents of this successful magazine, we read:

"The idea of adaptability and fitness predominates. A story, a sketch, or an editorial paragraph is considered in connexion with its adaptability to the requirements of 'our people.' A glance at the editorial page will best illustrate this point. The July issue discusses 'The Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Discovery of the Continent by John Cabot,' 'Ability to Become Interested in Many Things as a Source of Pleasure,' 'Summer as a Playtime,' 'Preserving the Beauty of our Highways,' 'Marring the Beauty of Nature by Advertisements on Rocks,' and 'The Deaths and Principles of Adams and Jefferson.' The August issue discusses 'August as the Former Month of College Commencements,' 'August Vacations,' 'Publication of the New Translation of Omar,' 'Making the New Tariff,' 'Names of Books,' 'Books about Spain and Russia,' and 'Probable Use of Electricity in the Kitchen.' Each one of these articles is written with the idea of being pleasing and entertaining to any one who can read and understand the English language. And while this is true, no one can be found too learned to enjoy every paragraph. There is not a French or Latin quotation, and no mystifying references. Then through it all runs a pronounced vein of patriotic Americanism."

These facts derive a certain special interest from the circumstance that a new popular journalistic enterprise is on foot in this country. *Stories* is to be the title of a new weekly paper, similar in outward appearance to *Answers*, which is about to be launched with, it is said, a capital of three-quarters of a million pounds behind it. According to the *British Weekly*, it will emanate from a syndicate which will publish a long series of weekly papers and monthly magazines. In explanation of this venture the *British Weekly* says: "It is an open secret that a short time ago Mr. Hooley offered a million and a half for Sir George Newnes' business, but meeting with a refusal, he has decided to start a number of publications similar to those which have been so successful in the hands of Sir George Newnes and others."

THE BOOKS THAT ARE SELLING.

We publish lists of the books that are most in demand in London and various large towns. *The Memoir of Lord Tennyson* is named in every list except those of Brighton and Reading. (Our Reading correspondent sadly reports: "Very little

solid reading done in this town.") It is significant that Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India* still figures in these reports; nor is the sale of Nansen's book so dead as some may think. The novels in demand are those we should expect. Of light books, not fiction, Mrs. C. W. Earle's *Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden* is in high favour. In Criticism there is a good demand for Prof. Dowden's *History of French Literature*.

A 'Strand correspondent writes: "A great improvement in trade during the last fortnight, principally owing to the colleges and schools. Lord Tennyson's *Life* is selling beyond our expectations. Du Maurier's *Martian*, although having a steady sale, cannot be compared with the demand for *Trilby*."

Dublin says: "A great demand for the *Memoir of Lord Tennyson*; it will be the book of the season."

Newcastle-on-Tyne: "Business up to average, in spite of Engineers' Lock-Out, which has caused slackness in trade generally in Newcastle."

LONDON (STRAND).

FICTION.

The Christian. By Hall Caine.
St. Ives. By R. L. Stevenson.
The Martian. By George Du Maurier.
The Invisible Man. By H. G. Wells.
Life of Lambeth. By W. S. Maugham.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoir of Lord Tennyson. By his Son.
History of the Horn Book. By Andrew Tuer.
Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts.
History of Our Own Times. Vol. V. By Justin McCarthy.
Life of Sir Walter Raleigh. By M. A. S. Hume.

POETRY, ESSAYS, AND CRITICISM.

Selected Poems. By George Meredith.
Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden. By Mrs. C. W. Earle.
The New Fiction, and Other Essays. By H. D. Traill.
Studies in Two Literatures. By Arthur Symonds.
Lilliput Lectures, and Lazy Lessons and Essays on Conduct. By W. B. Rands.
New Essays Toward a Critical Method. By J. M. Robertson.

TRAVEL.

Fire and Sword in the Soudan. By Slatin Pasha.
The Massacre in Benin. By Capt. Boisragon.

THEOLOGY.

Bennett's Primer of the Bible.
The Gospel in the Epistles. By Guinness Rogers.
St. Paul. By Prof. W. M. Ramsay.

LONDON (LEICESTER-SQUARE).

FICTION.

St. Ives. By R. L. Stevenson.
What Maisie Knew. By Henry James.
The Invisible Man. By H. G. Wells.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

A Memoir of Lord Tennyson. By his Son.
St. Francis of Assisi. By Canon Knox-Little.
Life of Sir Walter Raleigh. By M. A. S. Hume.
Hannibal. By W. O'Connor Morris.

POETRY, ESSAYS, CRITICISM.

Selected Poems. By George Meredith.

LONDON (SLOANE-STREET).

FICTION.

The Christian. By Hall Caine.
The Skipper's Wooing. By W. W. Jacobs.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoir of Lord Tennyson. By his Son.
Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts.

POETRY.

Selected Poems. By George Meredith.

TRAVEL.

Farthest North. By F. Nansen.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE (Two Reports).

FICTION.

The Christian. By Hall Caine.
The Martian. By George Du Maurier.
In Kedar's Tent. By Seton Merriman.
St. Ives. By R. L. Stevenson.
Lawrence Clavering. By A. E. W. Mason.
On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. Steel.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoir of Lord Tennyson. By his Son.
History of Our Own Times. Vol. V. By Justin McCarthy.
Life of Nelson. By Capt. Mahan.
Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts.
Johnson's History of Europe in the 16th Century.

POETRY, ESSAYS, CRITICISM.

Tennyson's Poems.
Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden. By Mrs. C. W. Earle.
Selected Poems. By George Meredith.

THEOLOGY.

Dean Farrar's Books.

DUBLIN.

FICTION.

The Martian. By George Du Maurier.
The Christian. By Hall Caine.
The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen.
St. Ives. By R. L. Stevenson.
The Massacres. By Ouida.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoir of Lord Tennyson. By his Son.
Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts.
St. Francis of Assisi. By Canon Knox-Little.
Life of Nelson. By Capt. Mahan.
Life of General Grant. By W. Conant Church.

POETRY, ESSAYS, CRITICISM.

The New Fiction, and Other Essays. By H. D. Traill.
Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden. By Mrs. C. W. Earle.
History of French Literature. By Prof. Dowden.
English Literature and the French Revolution. By Prof. Dowden.

TRAVEL.

Fire and Sword in the Soudan. By Slatin Pasha.

THEOLOGY.

Ancient Hebrew Tradition. By Prof. Hommel.
Westcott's Some Lessons of the Revised Version of the New Testament.

CAMBRIDGE.

FICTION.

St. Ives. By R. L. Stevenson.
The Martian. By George Du Maurier.
The Christian. By Hall Caine.
In Kedar's Tent. By Seton Merriman.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoir of Lord Tennyson. By his Son.
History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate. Vol. II. By Prof. Gardiner.
History of French Literature. By Prof. Dowden.

POETRY, ESSAYS, CRITICISM.

The Age of Tennyson. By Hugh Walker.
Selected Poems. By George Meredith.
Verses and Fly-Leaves. By C. S. Calverley.
Modern Mythology. By Andrew Lang.

TRAVEL.

Farthest North. By F. Nansen.

THEOLOGY.

Vincent's Philipians and Philemon.
Bennett's Primer of the Bible.
Westcott's Some Lessons of the Revised Version of the New Testament.
Ecclesiastics. Translated by Cowley and Neubauer.

BRIGHTON.

FICTION.

In Kedar's Tent. By Seton Merriman.
The Martian. By George Du Maurier.
The Christian. By Hall Caine.
The Old, Old Story. By R. N. Carey.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts.
History of Our Own Times. By Justin McCarthy.
History of the Church of England. By H. O. Wakeman.

POETRY, ESSAYS, CRITICISM.
Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden. By Mrs. C. W. Earle.
 Temple Classics.

BRISTOL.

FICTION.

St. Ives. By R. L. Stevenson.
In Kedar's Tent. By Seton Merriman.
The Christian. By Hall Caine.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoir of Lord Tennyson. By his Son.
History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate.
 Vol. II. By Prof. Gardiner.

TRAVEL.

Bigelow's White Man's Africa.

READING.

FICTION.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen.
What Maisie Knew. By Henry James.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

The Jubilee Book of Cricket. By Prince Ranjitsingh.
History of the Church of England. By H. O. Wakeman.

BIRMINGHAM.

FICTION.

The Christian. By Hall Caine.
Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs.
In Kedar's Tent. By H. S. Merriman.
The Chevalier D'Aurillac. By S. Levett-Yeats.
St. Ives. By R. L. Stevenson.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoir of Lord Tennyson. By his Son.
St. Francis of Assisi. By Canon Knox-Little.
History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate.
 Vol. II.: 1649-1660. S. R. Gardiner.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM.

Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden. Mrs. C. W. Earle.
A History of French Literature. By Prof. Dowden.

THE WEEK.

AN interesting week. It will be seen that History and Biography are strongly represented in our list. The most solid item under these heads is the two concluding volumes of Mr. Justin H. McCarthy's *The French Revolution*. Less exacting is Mr. Henry B. Wheatley's *Historical Portraits*, a handsomely illustrated account of the chief paintings of this class scattered in public and private collections about the country. Then we have histories of China and South Africa; two or three chronologies; and biographical-historical works such as *The Life and Letters of Mr. Endymion Porter*, gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Merry Monarch. In pure biography and autobiography may be noted *The Recollections of Aubrey de Vere*; *Verdi, Man and Musician* (with special reference to his English experiences); *The Autobiography of Madame Guyon* (the first full translation into English of this remarkable book); and Prof. Knight's definitive edition of *The Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth*. Somewhat apart in History stands *The Secret History of the Oxford Movement*, by Mr. Walter Walsh. The cheap—that is to say the twenty-five-shilling—edition of Mr. Aymer Vallance's *Life of William Morris* is issued this week.

Under Essays and Criticism we have an essay on *Style* by Mr. Walter Raleigh, *An Attic in Bohemia* by Mr. E. W. Lacon

Watson (a collection of literary papers), and *Certain Personal Matters* by Mr. H. G. Wells.

Under Poetry we have, perhaps, the book of the week. This is Mr. Palgrave's second series of *English Lyrics* in the "Golden Treasury" series. Also *Minuscule* (Lyrics of Nature, Art, and Love), by Francis W. Bourdillon.

Children's books begin to load our table. Mr. Andrew Lang's *Pink Fairy Book*, Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's *Aaron of the Wild Woods*, and Mr. Edward A. Parry's *The First Book of Krab*: these promise peace and laughter to the nursery.

Two important works, under the heading Art, are Mr. Reginald Blomfield's *A History of Renaissance Architecture in England, 1500-1800*, and Mr. Albert Hartshorne's *Old English Glasses*.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

AD LUEN; OR, THE ASCENT OF MAN THROUGH CHRIST. By Rev. Algerton Barrington Simson. Gardner, Darton & Co. 6s.
OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY FOR SCHOOLS. By Rev. T. H. Stokoe, D.D. Part III. The Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d.
THE EXPOSITION'S GREEK TESTAMENT. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A. Vol. I. Hodder & Stoughton.
THE PROVINCIAL ORDER OF THE WORLD. By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.
NATURAL CAUSES AND SPIRITUAL SEEMINGS. By Henry Mandale, M.D. Kegan Paul. 12s.
OUR CHURCHES, AND WHY WE BELONG TO THEM. By Eleven Writers. Service & Paxon. 6s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. New edition. Vols. VII. and VIII. John C. Nimmo.
THE CENTURIES: A CHRONOLOGICAL SYNOPSIS OF HISTORY ON THE "SPACE-FOR-TIME" METHOD. Second edition. West, Newman & Co.
ROME, THE MIDDLE OF THE WORLD. By Alice Gardner. Edward Arnold. 3s. 6d.
SIXTY YEARS A QUEEN. HATFIELD BROS., Ltd.
LIFE AND LETTERS OF MR. ENDYMION PORTER. By Dorothea Townshend. T. Fisher Unwin. 12s.
RECOLLECTIONS OF AUBREY DE VÈRE. Edward Arnold.
JOURNALS OF DOROTHY WORDSWORTH. Edited by William Knight. 3 vols. Macmillan & Co. 10s.
MASTERS OF MEDICINE: JOHN HUNTER, MAN OF SCIENCE AND SURGEON. By Stephen Paget. T. F. Unwin. 3s. 6d.
VERDI: MAN AND MUSICIAN. By Frederick J. Crowest. John Milne. 7s. 6d.
THE COLDESTREAM GUARDS IN THE CRIMEA. By Lt.-Col. Ross-of-Bladensburg. A. D. Innes & Co. 6s.
HISTORICAL PORTRAITS. By Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. George Bell & Sons. 10s. 6d.
THE GLASGOW ATHENÆUM: A SKETCH OF FIFTY YEARS' WORK (1847-1897). By James Lander. St. Mungo Press (Glasgow).
THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT. By Walter Walsh. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. Vols. III. and IV. By Justin H. McCarthy. Chatto & Windus. 12s. each.
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MADAME GUYON. Translated in Full by Thomas Taylor Allen. 3 vols. Kegan Paul. 31s.
HISTORY OF SOUTH AFRICA (1652-1795). By George M'Call Thel. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
A HISTORY OF CHINA. By Rev. J. Macgowan. Kegan Paul.
LIFE IN NORTHUMBRIA DURING THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Walter Scott, Ltd.
CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN OPINION OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Charles Dowder Hazen, Ph.D. The John Hopkins Press (Baltimore).
FAMOUS SCOTS SERIES: KIRKCALDY OF GRANGE. By Louis A. Barde. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.
A HANDBOOK OF EUROPEAN HISTORY, 476-1871. Chronologically arranged. By Arthur Hassall, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 8s. 6d.

A HISTORY OF CHINA. By the late S. Wells Williams, LL.D. Sampson Low.
WILLIAM MORRIS: HIS ART, HIS WRITINGS, AND HIS PUBLIC LIFE. A Record by Aymer Vallance. George Bell & Sons. 25s.

ESSAYS, POETRY, CRITICISM.

DANTE: A DEFENCE OF THE ANCIENT TEXT OF THE "DIVINA COMMEDIA." By Wickham Flower, F.R.S. Chapman & Hall.
STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS. By S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald. John C. Nimmo. 7s. 6d.
SUFFOLK TALES AND OTHER STORIES, FAIRY LEGENDS, POEMS, AND MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES. By the late Lady Camilla Gordon. Longmans, Green & Co.
STYLE. By Walter Raleigh. Edward Arnold. 5s.
IN THE CHOIR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY: A STORY OF HENRY PURCELL'S DAYS. By Emma Marshall. Seeley & Co.
THE SPECTATOR. With an Introduction and Notes by George A. Aitken. In 8 vols. Vol. I. John C. Nimmo.
CERTAIN PERSONAL MATTERS. By H. G. Wells. Lawrence & Bullen, Ltd.
MINUSCULE: LYRICS OF NATURE, ART, AND LOVE. By Francis William Bourdillon. Lawrence & Bullen, Ltd.
RAMPOLI: GROWTHS FROM A LONG-PLANTED ROOT, BEING TRANSLATIONS, NEW AND OLD, CHIEFLY FROM THE GERMAN; ALONG WITH A YEAR'S DIARY OF AN OLD SOUL. Longmans, Green & Co.
AN ATTIC IN BOHEMIA. By E. W. Lacon Watson. Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d.
THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF ENGLISH LYRICS. Second Series. By Francis T. Palgrave. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.
ADMIRALS ALL, AND OTHER VERSES. By Henry Newbolt. Elkin Mathews. 1s.

ART.

A HISTORY OF RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND, 1500-1800. By Reginald Blomfield, M.A. Vol. I. George Bell & Sons.
OLD ENGLISH GLASSES. By Albert Hartshorne. Edward Arnold.

SCIENCE.

THE SCIENCE OF ETHICS, AS BASED ON THE SCIENCE OF KNOWLEDGE. By Johann Gottlieb Fichte. Translated by A. E. Kroeger. Kegan Paul.

EDUCATIONAL.

HANDBOOKS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE: THE AGE OF THIRTY SON. By Hugh Walker, M.A. George Bell & Sons. 3s. 6d.
A JUNIOR LATIN SYNTAX. By J. A. Stevens, B.A. Blackie & Son. 8d.
A COMPREHENSIVE FRENCH MANUAL. By Otto C. Nef, M.A. Blackie & Son. 3s. 6d.
A COMPLETE COURSE OF FRENCH COMPOSITION AND IDIOMS. By Hector Rey. Blackie & Son. 3s. 6d.
THE CAMBRIDGE BIBLE FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES: THE FIRST BOOK OF MACCABEES. Edited by W. Fairweather, M.A., and J. Sutherland Black, LL.D. Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d.
RUSKIN REVISED, AND OTHER PAPERS ON EDUCATION. By R. J. Muir, M.A. Oliver & Boyd (Edinburgh).
A PRIMER OF WORDSWORTH. With a Critical Essay. By Laurie Magnus, B.A. Methuen & Co.
PANTOLIA: A SECOND BOOK OF GREEK TRANSLATION. By H. R. Hertley, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 2s. 6d.
NOTES ON GREEK AND LATIN SYNTAX. By G. Buckland Green, M.A. Methuen & Co. 2s. 6d.
SAINT COLUMBA: FIFTY YEARS OF ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, RADLEY. By Rev. T. D. Rasker, M.A. James Parker & Co.
MACMILLAN'S ELEMENTARY LATIN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY. By Rev. G. H. Null, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 8s. 6d.
AN HISTORICAL GREEK GRAMMAR. By A. N. Jannaris, Ph.D. Macmillan & Co. 25s.
FRENCH IDIOMS AND PROVERBS: A COMPANION TO DES HUMBERT'S "DICTIONNAIRE DE DIFFICULTÉS." By De V. Payot-Payne. Second edition. David Nutt. 2s. 6d.
PITT PAGES SERIES: QUAND J'ÉTAIS PETIT. By Lucien Biart. Adapted for Schools. Cambridge University Press. 2s.
KING LEAR. Edited by A. W. Verity, M.A. Cambridge University Press. 1s. 6d.
XENOPHON'S ANABASIS. Book III. Edited by G. M. Edwards, M.A. Cambridge University Press. 1s. 6d.
THE OLYMPIAN SPEECHES OF DEMOSTHENES. Edited by T. R. Glover. M.A. Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CELTIC DOCTRINE OF RE-BIRTH. By Alfred Nutt. David Nutt. Vol. II.
THE WISDOM AND RELIGION OF A GERMAN PHILOSOPHER: BEING SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF G. W. F. Hegel. Edited by Ellis S. Haldane. Kegan Paul. 5s.

NATURE AND SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA. By H. A. Bryden. Chapman & Hall. 6s.

WITHIN SOUND OF GREAT TOM: STORIES OF MODERN OXFORD. B. H. Blackwell.

THE AGONISTIC ANNUAL, 1898. Watts & Co. 6d.

NOTES ON THE MARGINS: BEING SUGGESTIONS OF THOUGHT AND ENQUIRY. Five Essays by Clifford Harrison. George Redway. 5s. net.

FACSIMILES OF ROYAL, HISTORICAL, LITERARY AND OTHER AUTOGRAPHS IN THE DEPARTMENT OF MANUSCRIPTS, BRITISH MUSEUM. Edited by George Warner, M.A. Third series. By Order of the Trustees.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

THE PINK FAIRY BOOK. Edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s.

THE GIANT CRAB, AND OTHER TALES FROM OLD INDIA. Retold by W. H. D. Rouse. Illustrated by W. Robinson. David Nutt. 3s. 6d.

BUSHY; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A GIRL. By Cynthia M. Westover. Chapman & Hall. 6s.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN IN ILLUSTRATION OF THE LORD'S PRAYER. By Mrs. Molesworth. Gardner, Darton & Co. 3s. 6d.

THE FIRST BOOK OF KEAR: CHRISTMAS STORIES FOR YOUNG AND OLD. By His Honour Edward Abbott Parry. David Nutt. 3s. 6d.

AARON IN THE WILD WOODS. By Joel Chandler Harris. Bess Mortal. By Ben Marlas. T. Fisher Unwin.

VINCE THE REBEL; OR, THE SANCTUARY IN THE BOG. By G. Manville Fenn. W. & R. Chambers. 5s.

POPPY. By Mrs. Isla Sitwell. T. Nelson & Sons. 3s. 6d.

"SISTER": A CHRONICLE OF FAIR HAVEN. By E. Everett-Green. T. Nelson & Sons. 5s.

AN EMPEROR'S DOOM; OR, THE PATRIOTS OF MEXICO. By Herbert Hayens. T. Nelson & Sons. 5s.

NEW EDITIONS.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY. By J. M. Barrie. Forty-third Thousand. Cassell & Co. 6s.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

THE CHILD'S OWN MAGAZINE. Sixty-fourth Volume. THE HOME BLESSING. Vol. I. YOUNG ENGLAND. Vol. XVIII.

CLASSICAL.

PHILETUS OF PLATO. Edited by Robert Gregg Bury, M.A. Cambridge University Press.

THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO. Edited by James Adam, M.A. Cambridge University Press.

BOUND MAGAZINES.

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE. May, 1897, to October, 1897. Vol. 54. The Century Co. 10s. 6d.

ST. NICHOLAS. May, 1897, to October, 1897. Vol. 24. The Century Co. 8s. 6d.

DRAMA.

ALTHOUGH the smartest, the lightest, and probably, to a certain class, the most entertaining of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's plays, "The Liars" does not exhibit its author in a new light, or mark a new epoch in his work. It ranks with "The Case of Rebellious Susan" and "The Physician," which were also written for Mr. Charles Wyndham and the Criterion company. Mr. Jones has discovered that a good deal of human nature revolves round the seventh commandment; also that the man of the world, having arrived on the table-land of life, sees love, licit and illicit, in a truer light, and recognises more clearly the obligations of the citizen towards society than when he was twenty-five. These views he would call the result of observation, and he has been busily engaged for a year or two past in submitting them to the public in dramatic form. No doubt the author of "The Middleman" and "The Crusaders" is fully alive to the advisability of letting the characters of a play tell their own story, and follow out their destinies in accordance with

the principles of dramatic art. Nevertheless, there is seldom absent from his work a certain preachiness which conveys the impression that, if he had not found his vocation on the stage, he would have sought it in some latitudinarian pulpit. "The Liars" bears the aspect of farce, but after the curtain has fallen the spectator perceives that he has been tricked into listening to a moral exhortation in four acts.

It is an unfortunate title that Mr. Jones has bestowed upon the latest heir of his invention. "The Liars" is a harsh term. It does not sound well at the dinner-table, where plays are now so much discussed. She would be a bold young lady who would ask a new acquaintance, at a venture, whether he had seen "The Liars." Nor has this title even the questionable merit of accuracy, since most of the *dramatis personæ* are engaged not so much in perverting the truth as in trifling with it, and that not for sordid ends of their own, but in order to cover up a young wife's "indiscretion" from the scrutiny of an inquisitive husband. "Fibbing" or "tarradiddling" would be nearer the truth than lying as applied to the proceedings of Lady Jessica Nepean and her Belgravian "set." As for the author's observation of life, I am afraid it can only be regarded as relatively true. He looks at the vices of society with his hand to his eyes, seeing only what it is good for the English dramatist to see. Moreover, Lady Jessica's much-talked-of "indiscretion" looks, vulgarly speaking, like a put-up job with all its circumstances exaggerated for the purposes of farce. Is it conceivable that an officer and a gentleman should be so lost to a sense of the social proprieties as openly to compromise a lady of his acquaintance, and when challenged on the point by his friends, to avow his intention of carrying her off from her husband if he can? It is true that Mr. Jones makes this fire-eater an African hero, fresh from the suppression of slavery on the Gold Coast. But still — Again, is it conceivable that such a couple would allow their most private affairs to become the common talk of a gossiping circle of friends without making the smallest attempt at concealment?

To inquire thus, however, in the case of farce is to inquire too curiously. Mr. Jones is too clever a craftsman to suppose that his moral exhortation is enough for the Criterion public, or, indeed, any public which pays its money at the doors in order to be amused, and which remembers that it can get its moral exhortation on Sunday for nothing. At the cost of plausibility, Lady Jessica's "indiscretion" must be made public property for the purpose of being wrapped up in a more or less transparent cloud of mendacity, which is intended to be the amusing feature of the case. In the production of this all the indiscreet heroine's friends participate — Lady Rosamund Tatton, "Dolly" Coke, "Freddie," Mrs. Crespin, and the rest, with the ubiquitous Sir Christopher Deering, Mr. Wyndham's character, towering morally above them as the middle-aged, calm, level-

headed, tolerant, patronising man of the world, the exponent of common-sense morality, and the composer of all the strifes and troubles of his little world. Yes; it is impossible to accept Mr. Jones's Belgravian microcosm as in any degree typical of society at large. It fits too closely the Criterion company. Its great merit is that it is entertaining.

THE lying sets in early in the first act, thence steadily proceeding *crescendo* till the middle of the third, and as it is Mr. Wyndham's peculiar function to save the liars from themselves, it will be understood that he has his hands pretty full all the time. If Mr. Jones's wit did not ensure the success of the play, Mr. Wyndham's acting would — for Sir Christopher is a magnificent part in the hands of this polished and versatile comedian. The dramatic theme is really of the slightest. In her husband's absence from town Lady Jessica has agreed to dine with her admirer *en partie fine*. The arrival upon the scene of a prying brother-in-law nips the affair in the bud, added to which Sir Christopher himself puts in an appearance in the interests of morality, and the problem then arises, how the wife's indiscretion is to be explained away to the jealous husband. Before an adequate string of falsehoods has been agreed upon, the dreaded explanations are called for, and the third act sees half-a-dozen of the *crème de la crème* of Belgravian society floundering from one tarradiddle into another, under the husband's cross-examination, until in the end a desperate recourse is had to truth by the guilty couple themselves. The cloud of mendacity being dispelled by a breath as soon as it has served its purpose, Mr. Jones steps forward with his moral, which is delivered by Mr. Wyndham, in the fourth act, in the form of a sermon of almost regulation length, which, unlike most sermons, succeeds in converting the sinners to whom it is addressed. "It won't work" is the prosaic, but not ineffective, line of argument adopted by Sir Christopher with the headstrong couple who, at this advanced period of the play, are still bent upon eloping, and it is then — too late, however, for his evening's amusement to be spoiled — that the spectator becomes aware that Mr. Jones has all the time been preaching.

It is a telling sermon enough, "The Liars," albeit in some minds it may leave an unpleasant souvenir. During a great part of its course the atmosphere is more than sulphurous. From the acting point of view, however, it is a showy piece, and not only Mr. Wyndham, but Miss Mary Moore, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Sarah Brooke, Miss Janet Steer, Mr. Vane-Tempest, Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. Thalberg, and others are charged with picturesque odds and ends of character. All through, the house is kept more or less in a ripple of merriment. Evidently Mr. Jones does not collect his good things in his note-book. They spring spontaneously from the situation and the character; which, after all, is the best sort of dramatic writing.

J. F. N.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"S. Ives." Stevenson reviewed *St. Ives* on his own account. "*St. Ives*," he wrote a little more than four years ago, "will, to my mind, not be wholly bad. It is written in rather a funny style, a little stilted and left-handed—the style of *St. Ives*; also, to some extent, the style of R. L. S. dictating. *St. Ives* is unintellectual and, except as an adventure novel, dull. But the adventures seem to me sound and pretty probable; and it is a love-story."

"So far the author," says the *Times*:

"What can the critic add? To begin with, there is much virtue in Stevenson's 'except,' for there is not a dull page in the book. The historical novel has been much with us of late, but neither Stevenson himself nor any one else has given us a better example of a dashing story, full of life and colour and interest; stuffed with hairbreadth 'scapes and sudden, wild alarms; and seasoned with just enough historical detail to lend an added air of actuality to every scene."

The brightness and quick, picaresque movement of *St. Ives* are generally recognised. Mr. Edmund Gosse, writing in the *St. James's Gazette*, says that as a book for boys *St. Ives* "is in every way calculated to charm them with its hairbreadth escapes, its prodigal effusion of blood and gold, its gaiety and its gallantry." Yet Mr. Gosse's review is one of the least favourable to the book. "As a serious production of one of the most sedulous and punctilious of modern writers"

"it must be confessed that it bears evidence of fatigue and even of relinquishment of effort. Had it not been for *Weir of Hermiston*, we must have decided that Stevenson's powers, worn out by infirmity and exile, were on the wane. But we know that this was not the case. How, then, is *St. Ives* to be explained? Only, I think, by the supposition that it marked a dividing of the ways, and that it was to be the latest expression of a mood which Stevenson had outgrown. It is often found that, just before a great writer is about to take entirely new ground and a fresh lease of genius, he writes in his earlier method with a languor that is quite unaccountable."

The *Chronicle* says: "It would be an ill compliment to call it one of the finest of his works, but for our part we find it one of the most fascinating." The *Standard* critic writes in the same critical tone: "The narrative is nowhere quite so concentrated, the effects are not so vivid, or heightened by quite so brilliantly fastidious and telling a choice of words, as in Stevenson's earlier works."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks the story

"will not, perhaps, add anything to its author's reputation, for it exhibits, in essentials, nothing which will be new to his readers; but it will add more than one portrait, and more than one striking fresco, to the gallery of fiction that will probably last. . . . Goguelat, from the moment he comes on the scene to his 'cheerful and blasphemous farewell,' is admirable. Dudgeon is another vivid sketch. The Major is well drawn, so are Chevenix, Romaine, so are Alain and the scoundrel Burchell Fenn—John Bull stripped, naked, his greed, his usuriousness, his hypocrisy, his perfidy of the backstairs all swelled to the superlative."

Mr. Quiller-Couch's completing chapters are, as a rule, favourably noticed. "It is due," says the *Pall Mall*, "to Mr. Quiller-Couch to say that he has done creditably what most people would have found it impossible to do at all." The *Chronicle* says: "As Mr. Stevenson has somewhere confessed that he 'could make nothing of the Cornish character,' we presume that the invention of the brig *Lady Nepean* and her crew must be entirely Mr. Couch's. It is undeniably effective."

"My Contemporaries in Fiction." THE critics, while taking strong exception to some of Mr. Murray's judgments, applaud his honesty. The *Times* thinks Mr. Murray's appreciations are "curiously unequal," but "generous and sincere." In the course of the review we read:

"So far his critical equipment is sound enough, albeit rather slender and negative, and it again serves him in good stead when it enables him to perceive that 'Mr. J. M. Barrie is a captain among workmen, and there is little fear that in the final judgment of the public and his peers he will be huddled up with Maclaren and Crocketts, as he sometimes is to-day.' But what shall be said of the critic who brackets Mr. Meredith with Mr. Hall Caine among the 'living masters,' and who speaks of Dickens, his own avowed master, whom we all still admire and love, even though we may have ceased to worship him, as though he were almost akin to Shakespeare? This kind of thing comes rather ill from a crusader against puffery and hysteria, and makes it difficult to understand how a critic whose perspective is so liable to distortion can write so well as Mr. Christie Murray does of Mr. Thomas Hardy."

The *St. James's Gazette* accuses Mr. Murray of exaggerating the place of the novel in literature. With this and other reservations the *St. James's* critic has high praise for the book. "The tone of it could scarcely be amended; it is frank, kindly, honest," &c. The writer concludes with mingled praise and blame:

"On the whole, this is a book which can have none but a wholesome effect, and we should like to make a knowledge of it incumbent on all budding reviewers. Later on, when they had learned that it was foolish and wicked to compare Mr. Crockett and 'Ian Maclaren' with Sir Walter Scott, we should take them aside and whisper that this is not all the lesson they have to learn. We should point to the pages dedicated here to Mr. Henry James, and suggest that they offer the very ideal of what should not be said about a highly original and delicate talent urging its way against the tide of the time. We should invite them to read a little more French than Mr. Murray seems to have enjoyed, and to believe that there are other foreign novelists than the immense M. Zola, who bulks so big on the pages before us. But all this would not prevent us from thanking the author once more for a sane and entirely honest volume."

As regards the new Scottish writers, another critic, "O. O." of the *Sketch*, thinks that Mr. Murray has been needlessly severe on them. Mr. Murray alleges that they have been compared favourably with Sir Walter Scott, but "O. O." writes:

"I have never heard of any critic who put any of the writers named above Sir Walter Scott. I have never known of any who

ever compared them as equals. . . . The criticism of contemporary journalism is, indeed, often very poor; much of it is as poor as Mr. Christie Murray's own criticism. However, critics and editors retain a degree of sanity, and that has prevented them exalting any recent writer to the level of Sir Walter Scott."

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN UNAUTHORISED TRANSLATION.

3, Rue Bara, Paris: Oct 12, 1897.

Will you kindly allow me to state that the translation by Henrietta Izo'd of the essay on *Talmud* by my husband, Arsène Darmesteter, is quite unauthorised? No communication has been made with regard to the matter, either to the publisher of the *Reliques Scientifiques*, the book in which the article appeared, or to myself.

One would hardly think that the American copyright law would be regarded by American subjects as altogether replacing the wider law of courtesy between a translator and the author, or his representative.

HELENA ARSÈNE DARMESTETER.

"LONDON SIGNS AND INSCRIPTIONS."

45, Evelyn Gardens: Oct. 11, 1897.

While thanking your reviewer for his kindly criticism of my book on sculptured signs and inscriptions, I venture to point out that it was originally published in 1893, and that the present issue is not a second edition, but a reprint in cheaper form. To my regret, I therefore had no opportunity of revising it or of adding fresh material.

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